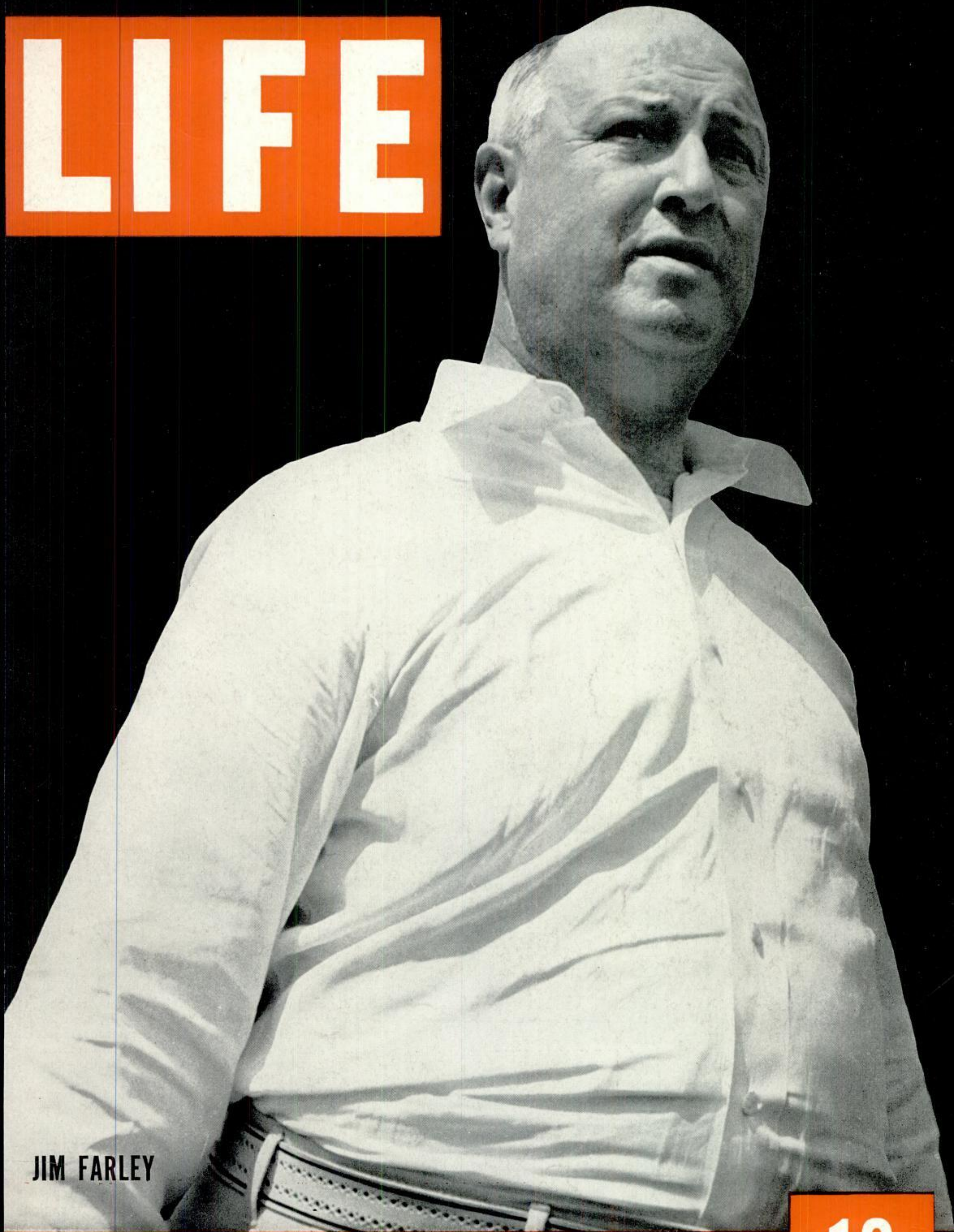


LIFE



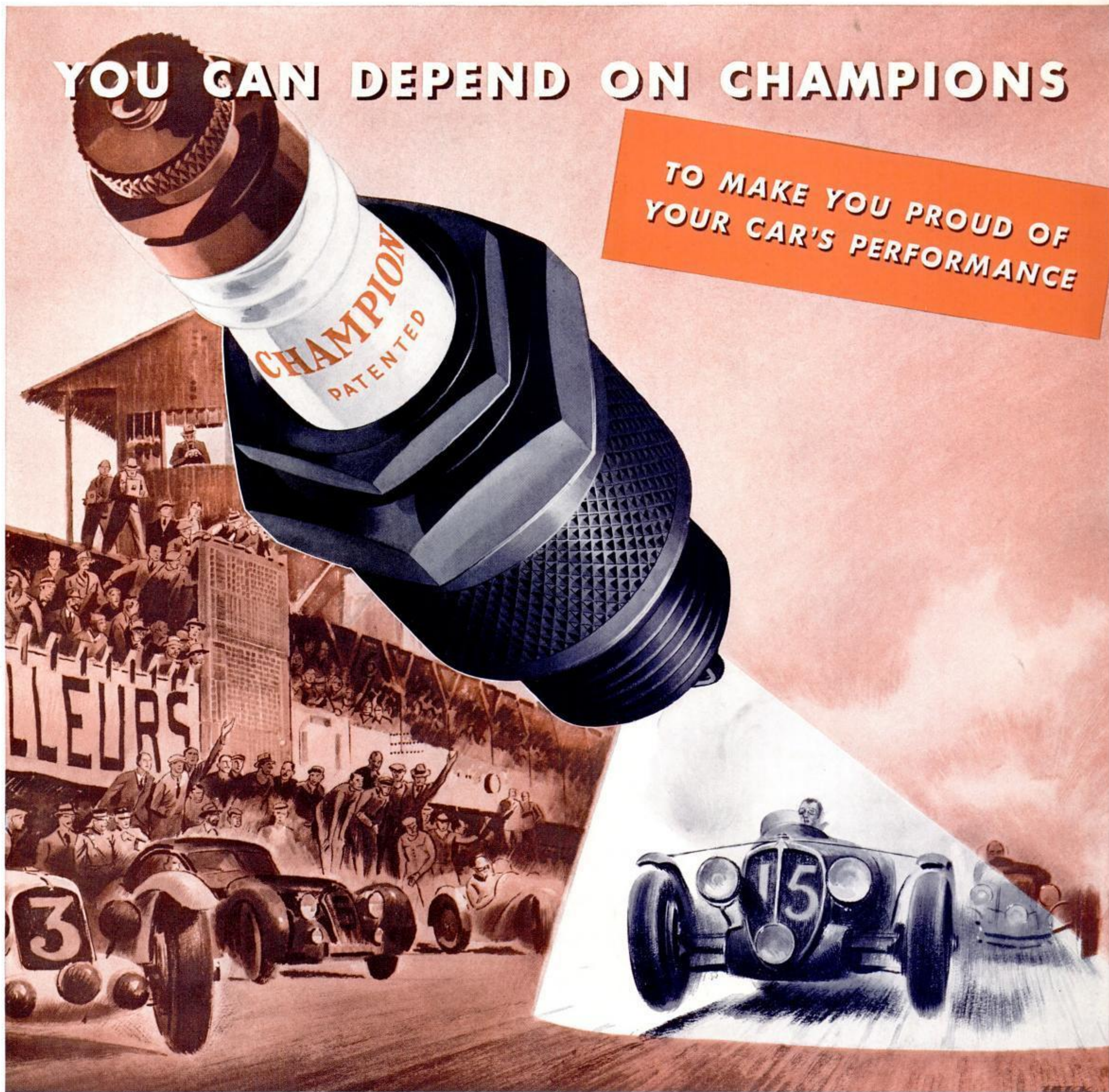
JIM FARLEY

SEPTEMBER 19, 1938

10 CENTS

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TO MAKE YOU PROUD OF
YOUR CAR'S PERFORMANCE



ONCE AGAIN CHAMPION presents evidence of an unusual nature to show that Champion Spark Plugs make every engine a better performing engine—performance of which you'll be proud.

In this country, we have nothing to compare with the European 24-Hour Races. Within two months, Champion-equipped cars have won three of the most important of these gruelling contests—the Bol D'Or, the LeMans 24-Hour Race, and the Belgian 24-Hour Grand Prix.

The LeMans 24-Hour Race, pictured above, is typical of all three. One feature of a 24-hour race is the start. Standing on the opposite side of the track from their cars, the drivers dash to them, at the drop of the flag, being required to—start them cold— instant starting being essential.



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Running throughout the night and on through the next day, over twisting country roads, with long, fast straightaways in front of the stands requires alternately fast acceleration, with wide open throttle, and fast braking with rapid deceleration—an extreme test of spark plugs. Champion Spark Plugs, with their ability to render service over a wider range of operating conditions, freedom from pre-ignition due to their leak-proof Sillment construction and all 'round better performance, stood these tests magnificently.

The absolute victors in all three races relied on Champion Spark Plugs. So again, Champions prove that they are the better spark plugs for your engine—every engine. Dependable dealers everywhere sell dependable Champion Spark Plugs.

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... STANDS FOR CROWN, A MARK OF DISTINCTION. THE DISTINCTION ENJOYED BY ROYAL CROWN IS IN THE BIG BOUNTIFUL BOTTLES WHICH HOLD TWO FULL GLASSES OF THE FINEST TASTING COLA BEVERAGE MONEY CAN BUY. THE PRICE? GUESS ... WRONG! THE COST IS BUT ONE THRIFTY NICKEL!

Order a handy 6-bottle carton of ROYAL CROWN from your soft drink dealer today. You will find these big, tall bottles are life savers in a score of ways ... when guests drop in; when lunch is just a quick snack; when children are hungry between meals; or when your thirst craves refreshment at its best. There's a constant use for this delicious and economical cola beverage. Keep a supply in your refrigerator — ice-cold — ready for all occasions.

ROYAL CROWN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COLA

A NEHI PRODUCT



This One



LJ6C-N4N-FY2W



*When buying your costume for town,
If choosing your gloves gets you down,
See the picture above:
It's the "Haf-N-Haf" glove
In smart colors* black, blue, and brown.*

*Of course Haf-N-Haf is styled in every darn good autumn color.

To complete your autumn wardrobe, you simply have to have Kayser's hand-flattering "Haf-N-Haf"† gloves! They're Parisian styled-N-American made... half smartly perforated leather and half soft rayon Kaysuede†...N-doubly chic! Now at the store where you get your contest entry blanks...\$1.00 a pair.

FREE: COMPLETE 44-PIECE WINTER WARDROBE

In smart new styles you choose yourself! And there are 122 other prizes you can win! It's easy and fun! Get entry blank from your store that sells Kayser gloves, hosiery, or underwear, for details of this big contest.

BE WISER...BUY

KAYSER

†Trade Mark Reg.

AT SMART STORES THE WORLD OVER

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Fall Guys

Sirs:

Having been staunch supporters and faithful readers of LIFE since its birth, we were sadly disappointed in your handling of the capture of Floyd Hamilton and Ted Walters in the Sept. 5 issue.

You do gross injustice to the Dallas police department and give the Federal Bureau of Investigation undue credit and praise, in view of the fact that G-men played no part in the capture other than to capably handle the role of fall guys in one of the cutest situations to arise here in years.

On the Saturday night preceding capture of the two desperadoes, G-men laid a careful trap at a house where Hamilton and Walters were expected to show up. Armed to the teeth, two federal agents—Tom Neal and D. B. Daviss—waited at the house for the hunted men.

Walters arrived at the house. One of the G-men asked him who he was, to which he replied that he was "one of the Wall boys," the house being the home of four Wall brothers. For two hours Walters sat in the same room with the G-men, made coffee for them, played his guitar, examined the pistols they wore and discussed Hamilton and Walters. He then announced that he was going to bed, and left the room. Four more "Wall boys" showed up, but not until half an hour after the last one arrived did the officers realize that there had been one too many of the brothers. Walters had gone out a back door.

Hamilton showed up, saw that the man who opened the door was an officer, and fled. Neal shot at him with a shotgun loaded with buckshot and the two agents took out after him. A neighbor, J. W. Cox, was awakened by the shot and ran from his yard, where he had been asleep on the grass. The officers pursued and caught Cox, while Hamilton ran across some nearby railroad tracks.

An hour after Walters walked through the trap he was arrested on Canton Street by Detectives John Daniel, C. O. Buchanan and Fred Keith of Inspector Fritz's squad.

At 6:30 a.m. Sunday, Aug. 21, Inspector Fritz, Detective Jack Archer and Detective J. T. Luther were crisscrossing the river bottoms in hopes of spotting Hamilton when Archer saw him hobbling up a railroad embankment, intent on catching a freight train which was backing across the track. When Hamilton reached the top of the fill he was staring into a rifle held by Archer. The closest G-man, as far as the records show, was at the Dallas headquarters office of the FBI.



HAMILTON, WALTERS, CAPTORS

The following day G-Men Neal and Daviss handed in their resignations and J. Edgar Hoover sent to Chief of Police R. L. Jones of the Dallas department a congratulatory telegram.

We are enclosing a picture taken by Worthington of Hamilton, Walters and the six officers responsible for their capture.

DICK WORTHINGTON

Police reporter, *Daily Times Herald*

STANLEY NISS

Police reporter, *Dispatch-Journal*

KEN HAND

Police reporter, *Morning News*

Dallas, Tex.

Family Resemblance

Sirs:

We were greatly interested in your pictures of Irving Berlin and his family (LIFE, Aug. 15). Here's why: They were married Jan. 4, 1926. So were we! They had their first daughter, Mary Ellen, on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, 1926. So did we. They have a second daughter 6 years—so have we and also a third girl 2 and so have we! But—we have a boy



THE TURNERS

now four and a half months. So here's to the Irving Berlins—may they be as happy as we are!

MR. & MRS. R. O. TURNER
Grants Pass, Ore.

● In the picture above the Turners are, (left to right rear): Patricia Ann, 11; Mrs. Turner, holding John William, 5 months; Mr. Turner; (front): Sally Sue, 2, and Mary Rae, 6. Mr. Turner is a Texaco service-station dealer.—ED.

Poland

Sirs:

On behalf of all the Polish-American organizations, institutions and press in the United States, which we represent, we wish to voice our reaction to the article about Poland in the Aug. 29 issue.

We, Americans of Polish descent, resent most emphatically the nature of the article which not only does injustice to Poland and its people but also weakens the bonds of friendship established centuries ago between the American and the Polish nations. . . .

The nation and the individuals with whom you dealt so unfairly are courageously struggling to keep Poland a democracy against totalitarianism which their peculiar geographical position is forcing upon them.

J. ROMASZKIEWICZ, Chairman

H. WOLOWSKA, Vice Chairman

J. BARC, Vice Chairman

S. PIOTROWICZ, Treasurer

J. PRZYDATEK, Secretary General

Executive Board of the Council of Polish Organizations in the United States of America
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

On the behalf of my family and myself I wish to congratulate your magazine for its splendid portrayal of Poland and its people.

Being an American of Polish parentage, I was glad to see your splendid magazine show me in pictures the real Poland of today; by it you have won the thanks of all Poles.

LADISLAUS KOWALCZYK

New York, N. Y.

(continued on p. 66)

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Only Carolyn Originals
 have this label

Carolyn*

FEATURES

THE NEW "UP" FEELING

IN FASHIONS OF

Celanese* Rayon.

From waistline to crowning glory is where the interest lies this Fall. Each of these newest Carolyn Modes has some eye-riveting details above the waist. Each comes in ripe new colors superbly expressed in fabrics of Celanese* Rayon.

For fifteen years fashion-conscious customers of fine retail stores have looked for the Carolyn label when buying dresses, coats and suits . . . because they can depend on Carolyn's fashion acumen for the cream of each new season's styles. The styles illustrated in sizes 12 to 20. At the stores listed at left.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

19.95



Three of the season's newest fabrics — "LA CAROSA" — "CRETE CREPE" — "SIXPENCE" — all woven with CELANESE RAYON Yarn
 In St. Louis at Stix, Baer & Fuller

THE REVOLUTIONARY TUFTLESS

Perfect Sleeper

MATTRESS \$39⁵⁰*



NO TUFTS!

THAT'S JUST THE
KIND OF MATTRESS
I WANT!



No stitched-through cords

No pits, knots or buttons



No deep dust-catching grooves • No

wearing, tearing strain on ticking



No unevenly compressed

padding • No restrained spring resili-

ency



No creeping "insides"

READ THOSE LINES AGAIN. . . . You'll agree that this pitless, knotless, cordless — *completely tuftless* — mattress-of-the-century outmodes ordinary tufted types as decisively as the luxurious motor cars of today outclass the "bone shakers" of a generation ago!

PERFECT SLEEPER construction is exclusive—*patented*. It is different from *all* other mattresses—even from so-called "smooth-top" mattresses which still are held together with stitched-through cords (tufting) *concealed beneath the ticking*.

In the PERFECT SLEEPER there is absolutely no surface "bunching." Yet its "insides" can't creep—will never shift into "hills and valleys." . . . They are securely anchored—yet there isn't the slightest interference with the velvety action of the PERFECT SLEEPER's hundreds of electrically-tempered springs of finest steel.

Ask your department or bedding store to show you the *interior* construction, as well as the beautifully finished exterior, of the PERFECT SLEEPER—and you'll understand why it is by all odds the longest-wearing, easiest-to-dress, and most lastingly comfortable mattress ever offered. \$39.50 (*\$42.50 on West Coast).

Avoid imitations. Send for pictures, descriptions and prices of Serta-Sleeper Mattresses, Springs, Lounge Beds and Studio Couches.



WATCH FOR special tuftless bedding showings

in stores and windows during SLEEPER'S National

Smooth Sleep Month—September 19 to October 22.



Other genuine SERTA-SLEEPER patented tuftless mattresses—RESTAL KNIGHT at \$29.75; SMOOTH-REST at \$24.75; SMOOTHIE at \$19.75.

Lounge beds are the newest SERTA-SLEEPER development . . . a genuine Sleeper mattress on upholstered box spring. Complete bed comfort—no makeshift. Zippered mattress slip-cover conceals made-up bed ready for instant use. Above, the HAMPSHIRE. At right, the BREWSTER. For pictures and complete details of other styles, mail post-card.

SERTA-SLEEPER ASSOCIATES

666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILL. • 30 FACTORIES FROM COAST TO COAST AND IN CANADA

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .



BRIDE IN HER HENHOUSE



GROOM IN HIS BARN

In America, since the first of June, some 500,000 weddings have been performed, some in cathedrals, with great pomp, some in dingy courtrooms but most of them in the simple dignity of the bride's parlor or the local church. Such was the wedding of Earlyon Lamberty, 23, and Gladys Meta Havekost, 21, at Ridgely, Neb. Impressive rites were followed by a warm send-off from the community.

The bride and groom were raised on nearby farms and they wed, for sentiment's sake, in the little white Lutheran church where first they met. Since this is in eastern Nebraska, where families are big and interrelated, more than 100 relatives pack-jammed the church. Except for one tense moment when the pastor's boy stepped on the bridal train, the ceremony ran off smoothly. Afterwards at the bride's home a reception was held for 75 aunts, uncles and unmarried cousins. In the evening the whole countryside was invited to a dance.



1 The bride arrives at the Lutheran church where she first met groom three years ago.



2 At the groom's nervous grimace as he slips on the ring, the bride smiles. The bridesmaid, her niece, 15, holds two bouquets and watches critically.



3 "And the Lord bless you and keep you," pronounces Rev. A. S. Pannbacker. The service was held by candlelight.



5 No lemonade for the men. While the women work, the men escape to the cellar to tap a "keg of nails," meaning beer.



6 Guests hover hungrily to watch the bride's expert cutting of the cake. The table is spread outdoors under the trees.



7 "Halt this merriment," laughs the groom at the children's charivari of pans and sleigh bells. He tosses them nickels.

...THIS IS A WEDDING IN A COUNTRY CHURCH



In the kitchen of the bride's home her relatives prepare a spread. There is an abundance of cake and pink lemonade.



The whole countryside is invited to the wedding dance. In spite of the "No Spiking" signs, soda pop gets whisky-spiked.



Ducking their heads to escape the heavy bombardment of confetti and streamers, the laughing newlyweds start

the wedding dance with a solo exhibition. At no time did LIFE's photographer see the bashful couple embrace.

**GO AHEAD AND SULK,
IT'S STILL TRUE!**



WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!

I'M SORRY I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, HONEY. BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?



TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF YOUR BLARNEY, MISTER!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY-- I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



10 Mr. & Mrs. Lamberty pose for their wedding picture. After a four-day honeymoon, they will live on his parents' farm at Ridgely where he teaches school.



11 In the bedroom husband and wife enjoy piles of wedding presents and letters of congratulations, but sigh to think of the thank-you notes they must write.

LIFE

Vol. 5, No. 12

September 19, 1938

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| British Cabinet Plays War Poker with Hitler | 11 |
| LIFE on the Newsfronts of the World | 14 |
| Maryland Listens to President Roosevelt | 15 |
| Germany Uncovers World's Biggest Mobile Field Gun | 16 |
| Live Countess on Lido; Dead Count in Miami | 17 |
| The Funeral of Cardinal Hayes | 18 |
| Labor Day Bestows Some New Sports Laurels | 20 |
| California Opens Fall Term with Pageantry and Fun | 22 |

CLOSE-UPS

| | |
|--|----|
| Farley and the Future—by Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner | 24 |
|--|----|

ART

| | |
|--|----|
| Five Famous Artists Paint a Famous Greenwich Village Model | 23 |
|--|----|

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

| | |
|---|----|
| Gold: Its Historic Boom Makes Camp Life at Yellowknife Profitable Fun | 48 |
|---|----|

MOVIES

| | |
|---|----|
| Sonja Henie Goes to College | 37 |
| "You Can't Take It With You" | 42 |
| ... and How Frank Capra Made It | 46 |

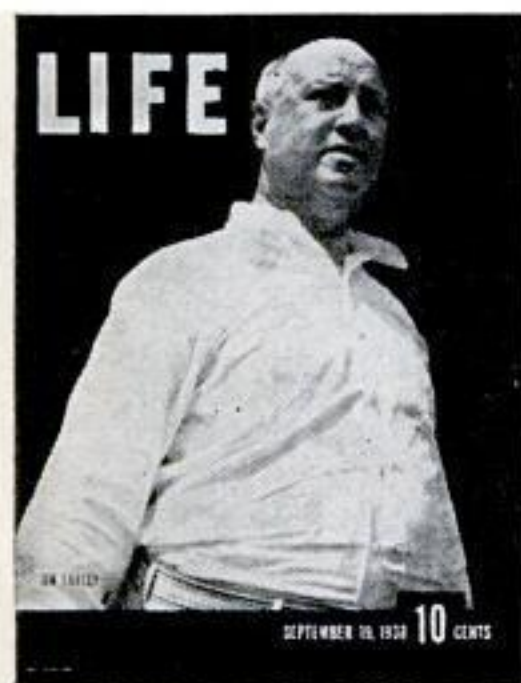
SCIENCE

| | |
|---|----|
| Animal Life beneath a Peaceful Pond Recorded in Color | 38 |
|---|----|

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

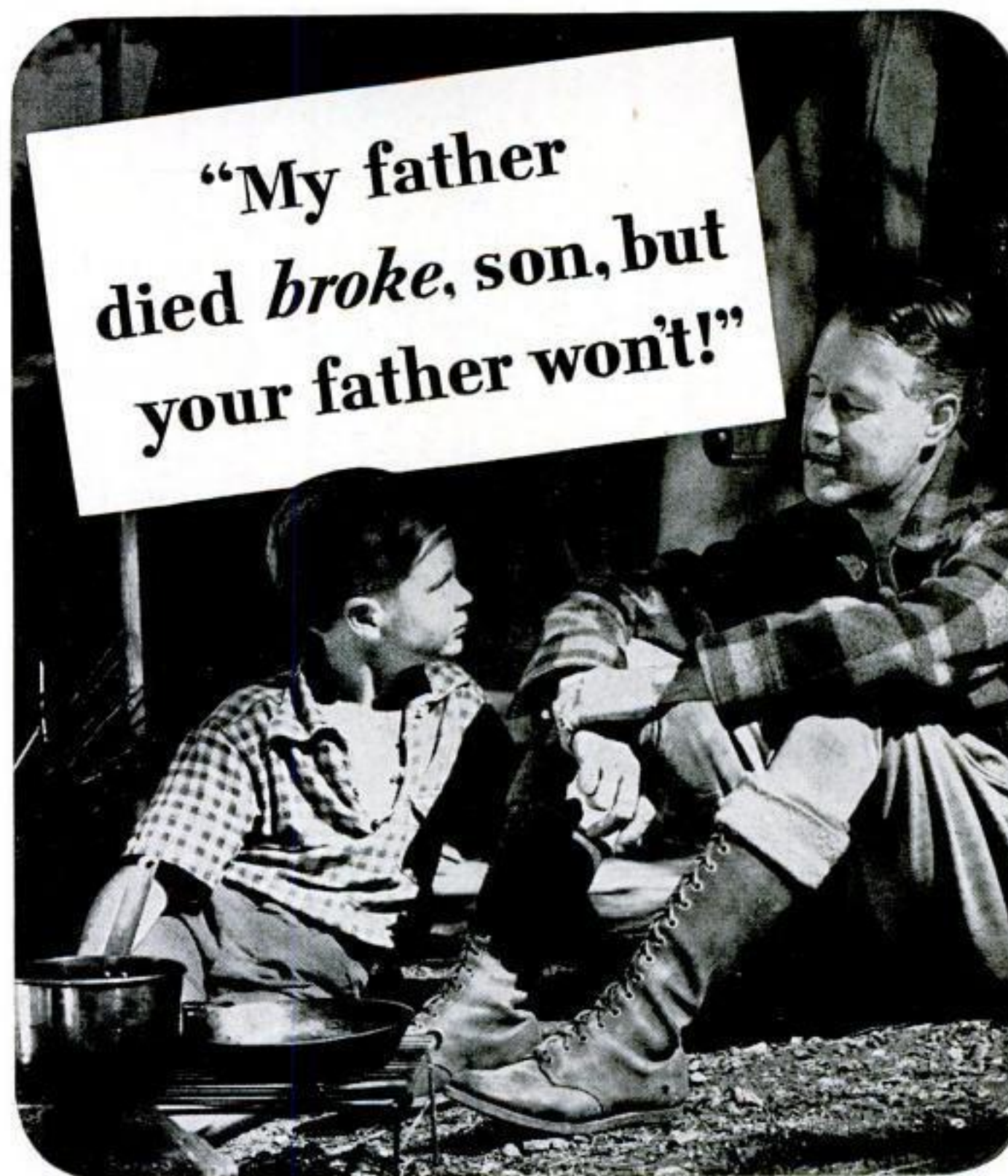
| | |
|---|----|
| Letters to the Editors | 2 |
| Speaking of Pictures—a Country Wedding | 6 |
| LIFE Goes Grouse Shooting with the Pratts in Scotland | 60 |
| Pictures to the Editors | 67 |

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LIFE'S COVER: The picture of Jim Farley on the cover was taken in Mackinac, Mich., last month as the Democratic National Chairman returned from a vacation trip to Alaska. That trip was widely interpreted as a temporary escape from the struggle of conflicting loyalties—between the Democratic Party and the President who wants to purge it—in which this superloyal politician is now unhappily involved. For pictures of Farley and friends, and an article on "Farley and the Future" by Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner, turn to page 24.

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A tested plan that guides thousands to solid financial security

NO man or woman deliberately sets out to be dependent in old age. But time flies and money with it—and only a handful of those who reach the age of 65 have sufficient funds to see them through life's twilight years.

Indeed, if the truth were known, surprisingly few people in their prime have enough cash in reserve to keep going without income for more than a month or two.

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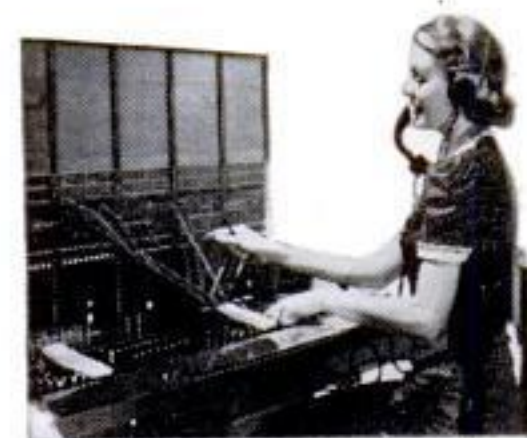
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THE VOICE WITH A SMILE



THE MAN ON THE JOB



THE MEN AND WOMEN IN THE TELEPHONE OFFICE



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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





THE BRITISH CABINET RUSH HOME FROM VACATION TO PLAY POKER WITH HITLER

On Monday, Aug. 29, Britain's Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain came home to No. 10 Downing Street (*above*) after a weekend of fishing. Notice in the trunk rack atop the car two of his wife's suitcases marked A.V.C. (for Annie Vere Chamberlain), one with his initials, N.C. Mrs. Chamberlain waits in the doorway while the Prime Minister pauses to pose for photographers. The crowd of Englishmen and American tourists in little, dead-end Downing Street is tense with war headlines. It knows that, as usual, it is the British Prime Minister and his Cabinet who hold the keys to war or peace in Europe.

Next day, Aug. 30, the British Cabinet streamed through this door and sat for three hours over the case of Czechoslovakia and the secret thoughts of Adolf Hitler. Their Ambassador to Germany, Sir Neville Henderson, was there to tell His Majesty's Ministers how voracious Hitler's demands would be, and to take back with him to Nürnberg the added authority of having heard the British Cabinet think out loud in full session. For the "crisis crowd" in Downing Street the day was enlivened by the ar-

rival of diplomatic dispatch boxes, a mattress and a black cat (*see next page*). Immediately afterward, U. S. Ambassador Kennedy called at No. 10 and talked for an hour with Chamberlain. What Chamberlain wanted to know, before everything else, was whether the U. S. will provide money and supplies in case Britain fights. Kennedy naturally could not give a definite answer. But the whole British press chorused that, despite the \$11,000,000,000 England, France and Italy still owe the U. S. on the last War, Britain could count on the U. S. Then Chamberlain packed his fishing rods in his car and drove off to go salmon fishing and see King George VI in Scotland.

Nine days later he was back in No. 10, to resume the appalling game of poker with Adolf Hitler. Chamberlain, like Hitler, was trying to play his joker as though he would fight, without running a serious risk of actually spilling English blood on the Continent's battlefields. Whereas Hitler could play his cards without showing them to anybody, Chamberlain, as the leader of a democracy, had to have the whole British Empire kibitzing over his shoulder.



DISPATCH BOXES AND MATTRESS (BELOW) ARRIVE AT NO. 10

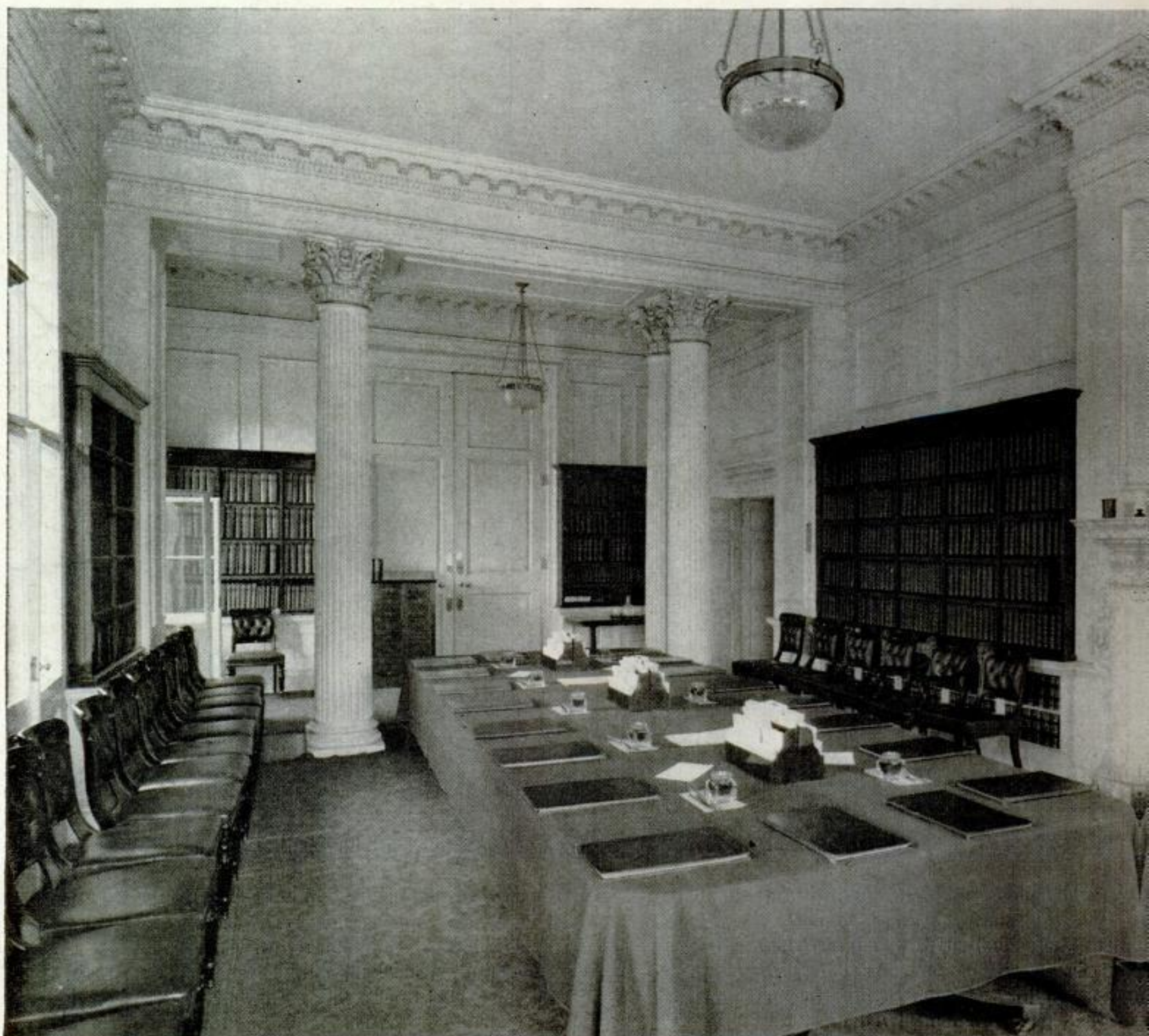


BLACK CAT TAKES UP HIS WATCH AFTER CABINET MEETING



Three foreign specialists call on Prime Minister Chamberlain, day before British Cabinet meeting Aug. 30. From left, they are Ambassador to Germany Sir Nevile Henderson, Foreign

Adviser Sir Robert Vansittart, Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax. Next day Henderson was given the honor (rare for an ambassador) of sitting in on the meeting in the Cabinet room (below).



ENGLISHMEN WEIGH THE FATE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

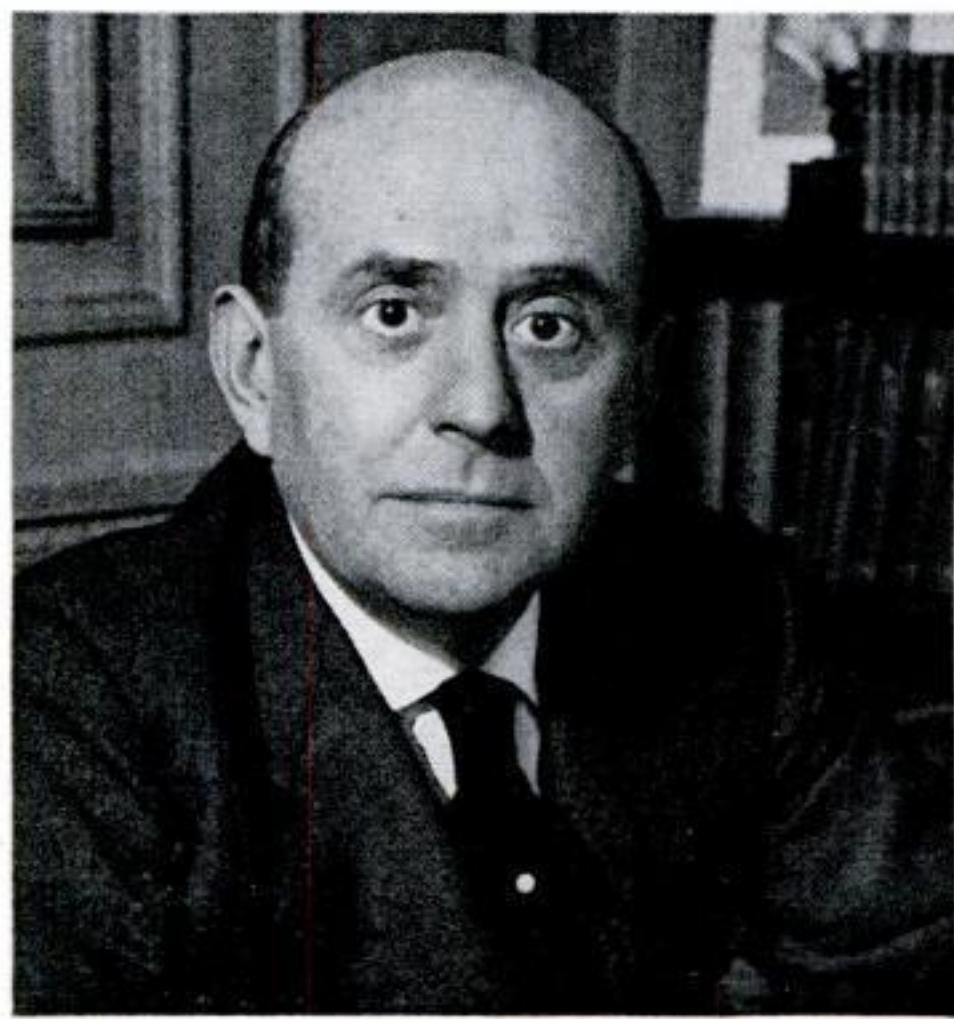
Englishmen last week found themselves sitting in judgment on the moral and strategic right of Czechoslovakia to exist as a state. Opinions, as always, were divided. Some, like London *Times* Editor Dawson (below), felt that the Allies had acted a little shadily in 1919 in giving the Czechs great blocks of Germans, Slovaks and Ruthenians solely for anti-German strategic reasons. Some felt that those anti-German strategic rea-

sons were still good enough, that Czechoslovakia must be maintained intact as an obstacle to German economic expansion in eastern Europe, though England, now as in 1914, has few trade interests there. Prime Minister Chamberlain seemed to be acting on a compromise between these two points of view. Pressing the Czech case was Minister Jan Masaryk who kept telling the British that one thing was sure: the Czechs would fight.



The editor of the London *Times*, Geoffrey Dawson (seated, wearing cap) gave a shooting party on the Penygvent Moors shortly before his great newspaper proposed that the Czechs might give the whole Sudeten territory outright to the Germans. Even some radical papers had suggested this but the semiofficial standing of the *Times* made the proposal infuriating to the Czechs and French, whose Governments

protested to the British Government. Prime Minister Chamberlain repudiated the *Times's* suggestion and Foreign Secretary Halifax persuaded Mr. Dawson to run another editorial calling Czech Plan No. 4 "most reasonable." At the rather glum shooting party above, Mr. Dawson's two young daughters are seated, his wife is third from right at top, and a Cabinet minister, Lord Stanhope, is at extreme left.



Champion of Czechoslovakia in London is Minister Jan Masaryk, son of Czechoslovakia's late founder, Thomas.



Czech Minister Masaryk in his London Legation ponders how to convince Britain that his

country is another Belgium, indispensable to Britain's and Europe's safety against Germany.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Hitler thinks of mothers' tears, Czechs study civics, Democrats bedevil Democrats

Just in case Europe should talk itself into war, prophetic pictures of army maneuvers poured last week into the U. S. Old pictures of France's Maginot Line



HITLER

(LIFE, Jan. 3) were dug up to report the fact that jittery France had rushed 350,000 men and its big guns into these border fortifications. German papers expressed "surprise" and German soldiers were rushed into the Siegfried and Hindenburg Lines along the Rhine. More than 40 warships of Britain's expensive Home Fleet set about "routine maneuvers" in the western half of the North Sea while the new German fleet did the same in the eastern half. . . . All this ominous shadowboxing was over whether Adolf Hitler could rush Czechoslovakia into giving him a diplomatic victory in time for the smash finale this week of the annual Nürnberg Congress of the Nazis. This great theatrical party began this year with jubilation over the acquisition of Austria ("the returned Ostmark"). Between pageants Hitler slipped the word to the Sudetens to negotiate with Czechoslovakia, to stop negotiating, to start again. To the French Ambassador he said, "I trust no mother will ever have cause to weep because of any action of mine." But even after other diplomats had left Nürnberg, there remained like a ghost at a feast the tall, polite British Ambassador, Sir Neville Henderson, laden with instructions from the British Cabinet (see pp. 11 to 13). In case Germany had not heard him the first time, Sir Neville continued to warn Hitler and his German advisers that Britain might well fight for Czechoslovakia.

Civics. Czechoslovakia's President Eduard Beneš was engaged last week in a brilliant game of civics, pulling forms of government out of his hat like a conjurer. Three of them having been turned down by the Sudeten German minority and Adolf Hitler, Beneš last week produced Plan No. 4, called it his "last." It provided for Swiss-like cantons with an alternative arrangement for German legislative councils within state-like divisions of Czechoslovakia. There were only two more last-



BENEŠ

ditch offers he could make: 1) to hold a plebiscite, 2) to give Germany the Sudeten areas and thereby lose the Bohemian mountain bastion which is the strategic strength of Czechoslovakia. Last week his own 10,000,000 Czechs as well as France and the U. S. S. R. bombarded him with pleas not to go that far, while the British Minister told him he might have to. This word behind his back enraged the official British referee in Czechoslovakia, Viscount Runciman, who thinks the canton arrangement is quite enough.

Family Feud. If Republicans ever get back to power, it may be largely because of Democrats' long-established weakness for falling out and fighting among themselves. One kind of Democratic family quarrel is between its liberal and conservative factions, such as President Roosevelt is now pursuing. Another kind is a simple, vengeful struggle for power between individual Democrats who no longer love each other. That is the kind which has been going on in Pennsylvania. Last spring the State's Democratic leaders split, entered opposing tickets for Governor and Senator in the primary, heartily slung mud at each other throughout the campaign. A third candidate for Governor, Democratic Governor Earle's Attorney General Charles J. Margiotti, chimed in with serious charges of graft and corruption against the Governor and members of his Administration. Sam-



SHELLEY AND MARGIOTTI

ple charge: accepting \$20,000 from brewery interests for favorable legislation. Governor Earle fired the Attorney General, who lost out in the primary election. But a Republican district attorney, Carl B. Shelley of Dauphin County, picked up the Margiotti charges and started a grand jury investigation. Roaring that Pennsylvania's Republican judiciary was out to get him, Governor Earle called a special session of the Democratic-controlled State Legislature, which obediently voted to take the matter out of the hands of the courts, have an investigation of its own. In Harrisburg on Sept. 7, after much legal bickering, the legislative investigation got off to a wrangling start. First witnesses: District Attorney Shelley and ex-Attorney General Margiotti. Whatever the investigation's outcome, it seemed probable that Pennsylvania Democrats had already created enough suspicion of Pennsylvania Democrats to give Pennsylvania Republicans an excellent chance of recapturing the State, their traditional stronghold, in November. And great Pennsylvania, with its 36 electoral votes, would be a staggering loss to the national Democracy in 1940.

Philadelphia's Hines Case. In New York on Sept. 7 crusading District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey completed his case against Tammany Leader James J. Hines, charged with furnishing political protection to the late Dutch Schultz's policy ("numbers game") racket (LIFE, Aug. 29). As the Hines defense began, a strikingly similar politico-criminal scandal exploded in neighboring Philadelphia, No. 3 city



WILSON

of the land. It centered around the fat figure of S. Davis Wilson, who was elected city controller in 1933 as a Democrat, elected Mayor in 1935 as a Republican, and last summer ran unsuccessfully against Governor Earle for the Democratic Senatorial nomination. Since the beginning of Wilson's term as mayor, there have been charges that a city-wide gambling syndicate was receiving political protection for pay. When the Legislature sent investigators in last year, Mayor Wilson had one of them arrested, charged that Governor Earle was plotting to get him. Lately he has been saying that Philadelphia's Republican bosses, with whom he has broken, are responsible for whatever corruption there is, since they control the police. On Sept. 9 a grand jury indicted 148 persons, including Mayor Wilson himself, on 49 counts of "misbehavior in office," in connection with the gambling corruption. "I shall, at last," cried he, "have my day in court. Then a full revelation will be made of all that is back of the present persecution."

Father over President. On Sept. 2 President Roosevelt announced that while Europe remained war-jittery, he would stick close to the White House, ready for any emergency. On Sept. 7, with Europe's jitters getting worse by the minute, word went from the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., that Son



J. ROOSEVELT

James Roosevelt would have to be operated on for a gastric ulcer. On Sept. 9 anxious Father Roosevelt entrained for Rochester, to be at his son's side during the operation. Before leaving, he heatedly denounced interpretations of his and Secretary Hull's recent anti-dictator talks as meaning that America would line up with Europe's democracies in a war.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

When President Roosevelt makes a speech, news photographers keep their cameras trained on his mobile face. At Denton, Md., Sept. 5 LIFE's photographer Thomas McAvoy turned his camera on the listening crowd, got the engrossing picture on opposite page. The President, out to purge Maryland's conservative Senator Millard Tydings, was speaking for his candidate for the Senatorial nomination, Representative David J. Lewis. Denton is a Tydings stronghold, and Tydings had denounced the President's proposed visit with screams of "Invasion!" and "Keep the Free State Free!" The most memorable point in the President's speech came when he offered his definitions of a "liberal" and a "conservative." A conservative, said he, is one who admits the existence of social and economic abuses, but doesn't want the Government to do anything about them, believing in progress by individual or local initiative only. A liberal is one who "feels that the past ought to be brought up to the present by using every legitimate instrument to do the job, Government included."



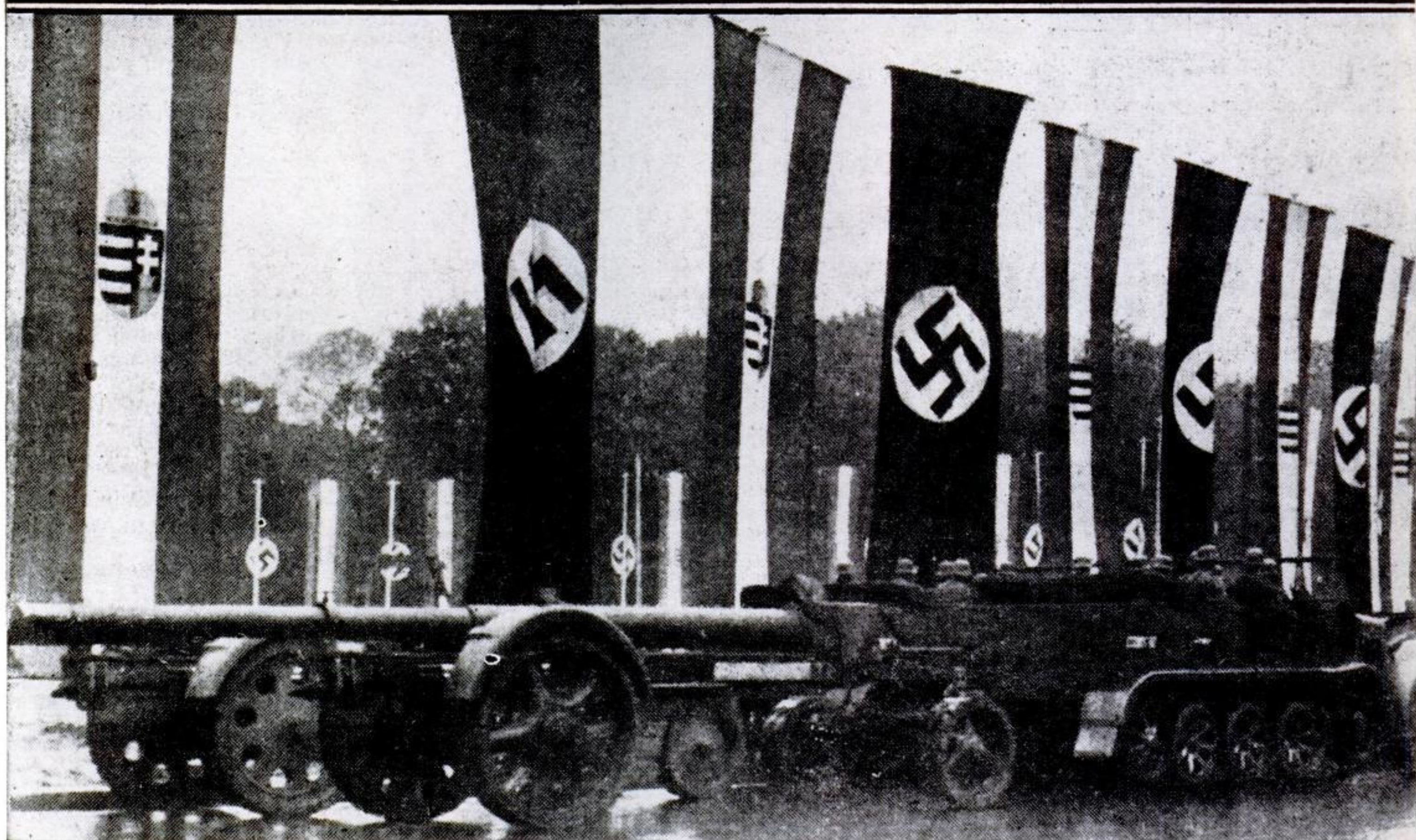
The People of Maryland listen to the President of the United States

GERMANY UNCOVERS WORLD'S BIGGEST MOBILE FIELD GUN

The exact degree of might of Nazi Germany's armed forces is a world mystery, second only to the Soviet's army. The German method of keeping the world guessing is to act as if they were keeping a Frankenstein under wraps, occasionally to let slip one startling secret. One such appeared in the review of the German Third Army Corps for Hungary's visiting Regent Horthy, Aug. 25 (LIFE, Sept. 12).

It was a mobile gun with what looked like a 40-ft. barrel, a 10-in. caliber, the biggest mobile field gun ever seen in the world. It rolled past the reviewing stand at 30 miles an hour, preceded by four truckloads of parts. Foreign observers figured it might shoot 30 miles. Photographs were not permitted out of Germany. LIFE reproduces this picture (*Bild*) from the noonday (*Mittag*) *Berliner Zeitung* (B.Z.).

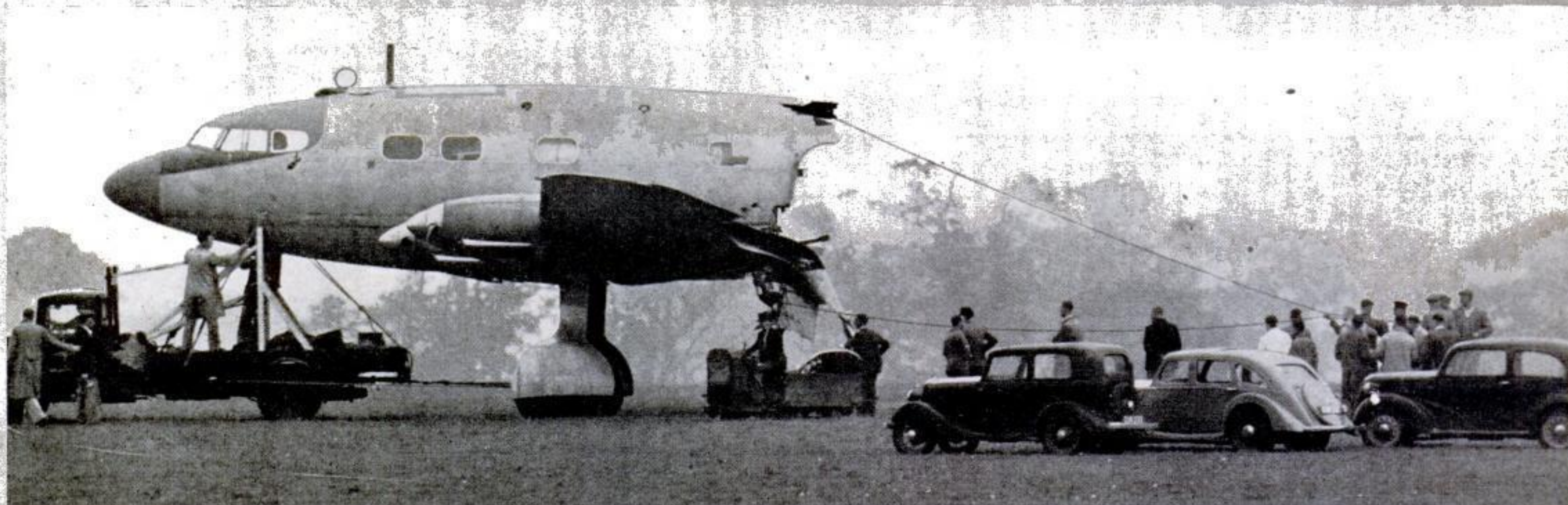
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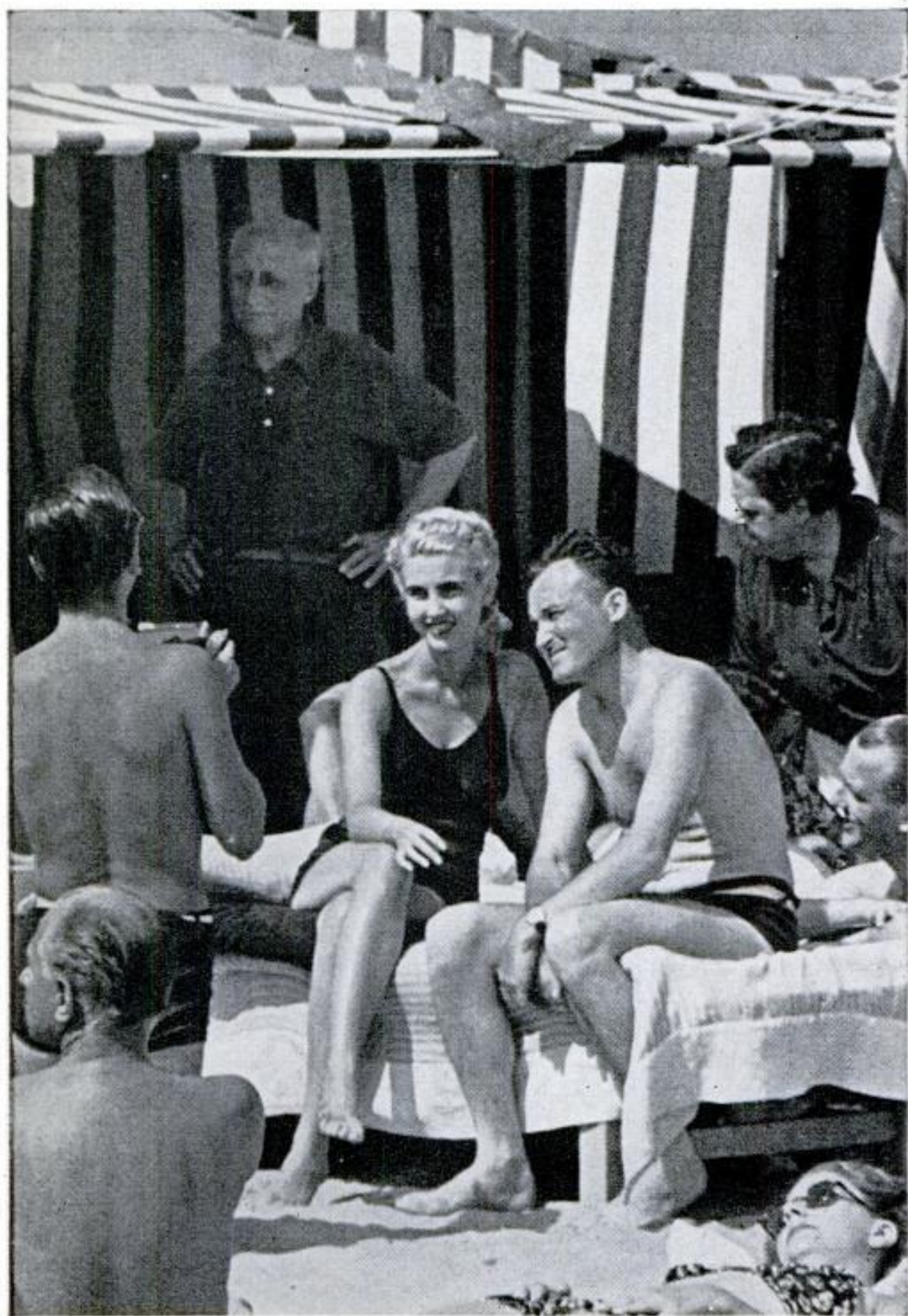
BRITISH TRANSOCEAN PLANE BOUNCES ITSELF IN HALF

Strangest plane accident of the year produced the odd fragment shown below. It was Britain's fastest airliner, the 12½-ton, 248-mile-an-hour *Albatross*, designed as a bid for transatlantic air transport by the de Havilland Aircraft Co. The company's No. 1 test pilot and director of design, Geoffrey de Havilland, had landed it safely at Hatfield Aerodrome on Aug. 27 and throttled down the four engines when it unaccountably began to buck and

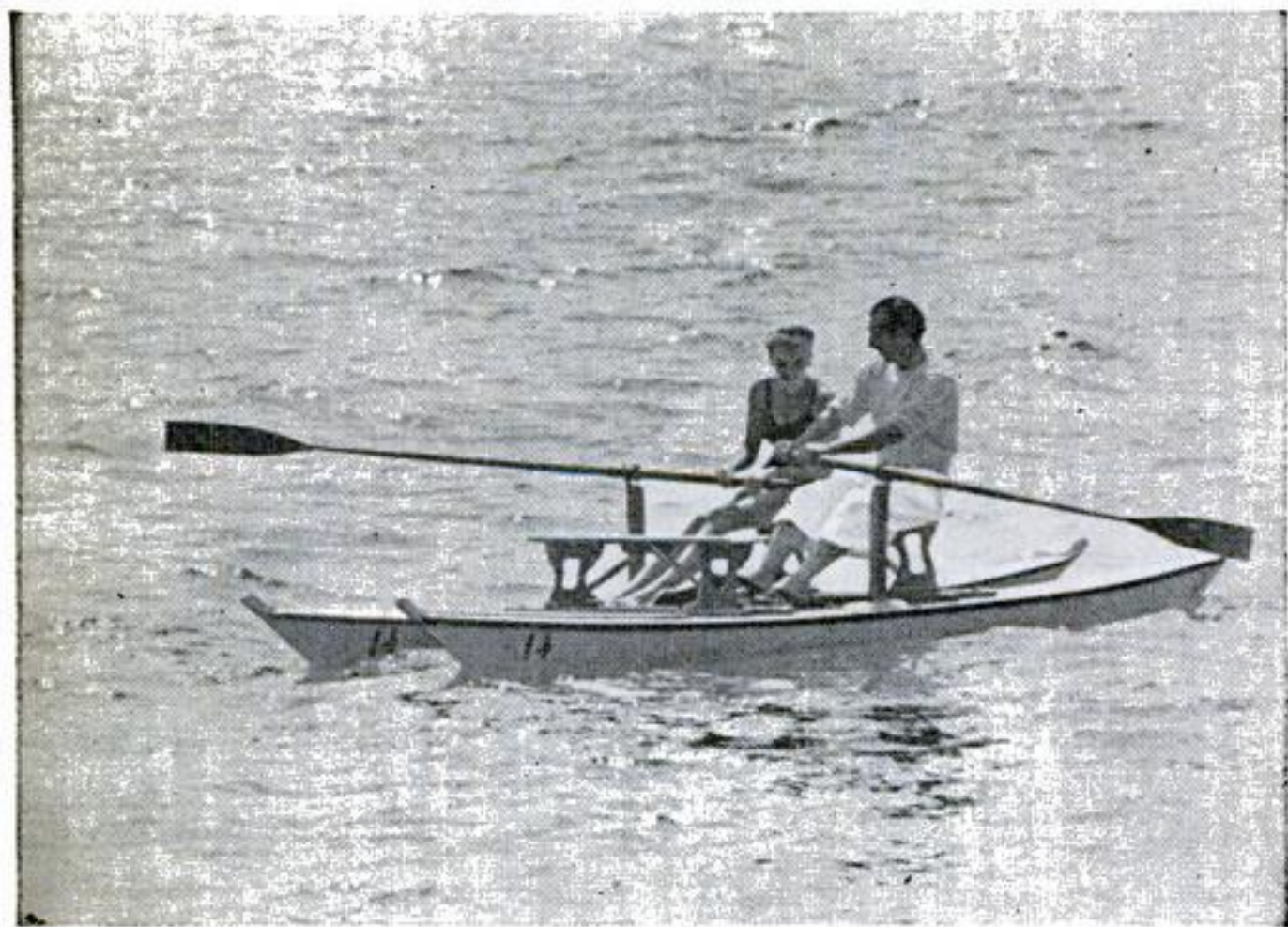
bounce on the field. This titanic horseplay ended almost at once in the plywood plane's cracking in two at the cabin door. Hundreds of gallons of gasoline poured out of the tanks. The nose flopped straight up in the air. Captain de Havilland and his companion, an observer for the British Air Ministry, climbed hastily out and slid to the ground unhurt. Construction was held up on the second of seven *Albatross*-type transports planned by the British.



BARBARA HUTTON LOOKS HAPPY AS DIVORCE TROUBLES FADE



A smiling end to her divorce troubles was written by Barbara Hutton Mdivani Haugwitz-Reventlow Aug. 20 on the sands of the Lido. Her second husband, Count Court Haugwitz-Reventlow, had met her amicably, gone on to a Hungarian house party. The Danish Government had granted them a preliminary separation decree. "Babs" lingered at Venice, where she had her picture taken (*above*) with a group of friends, including Elsa Maxwell (*right background*). She was looking gayer, prettier, more self-possessed than ever, for her friends have largely stood by her. Below, she pulls a sweep with the Neapolitan, Vincenzo Caracciolo, Duke of Laurino.



BAD BOURBON BLOOD BETRAYS DYING COUNT OF COVADONGA



In Miami, Fla., the Count of Covadonga, once Prince of the Asturias, heir to the crown of royal Spain, went driving Sept. 5 with "Merry Mildred" Gaydon, 25, entertainer and cigaret girl at a local night club. Swerving to avoid a truck, they crashed into a telegraph pole. Millie, at the wheel, was slightly bruised (*below*). Her princely friend suffered facial cuts, a leg fracture, injuries scarcely fatal to an ordinary man. But no ordinary blood filled the veins of Don Alfonso de Bourbon y Battenberg. Hereditary victim of hemophilia—scourge of his royal ancestors—he bled to death in a few hours from wounds doctors were powerless to stanch.

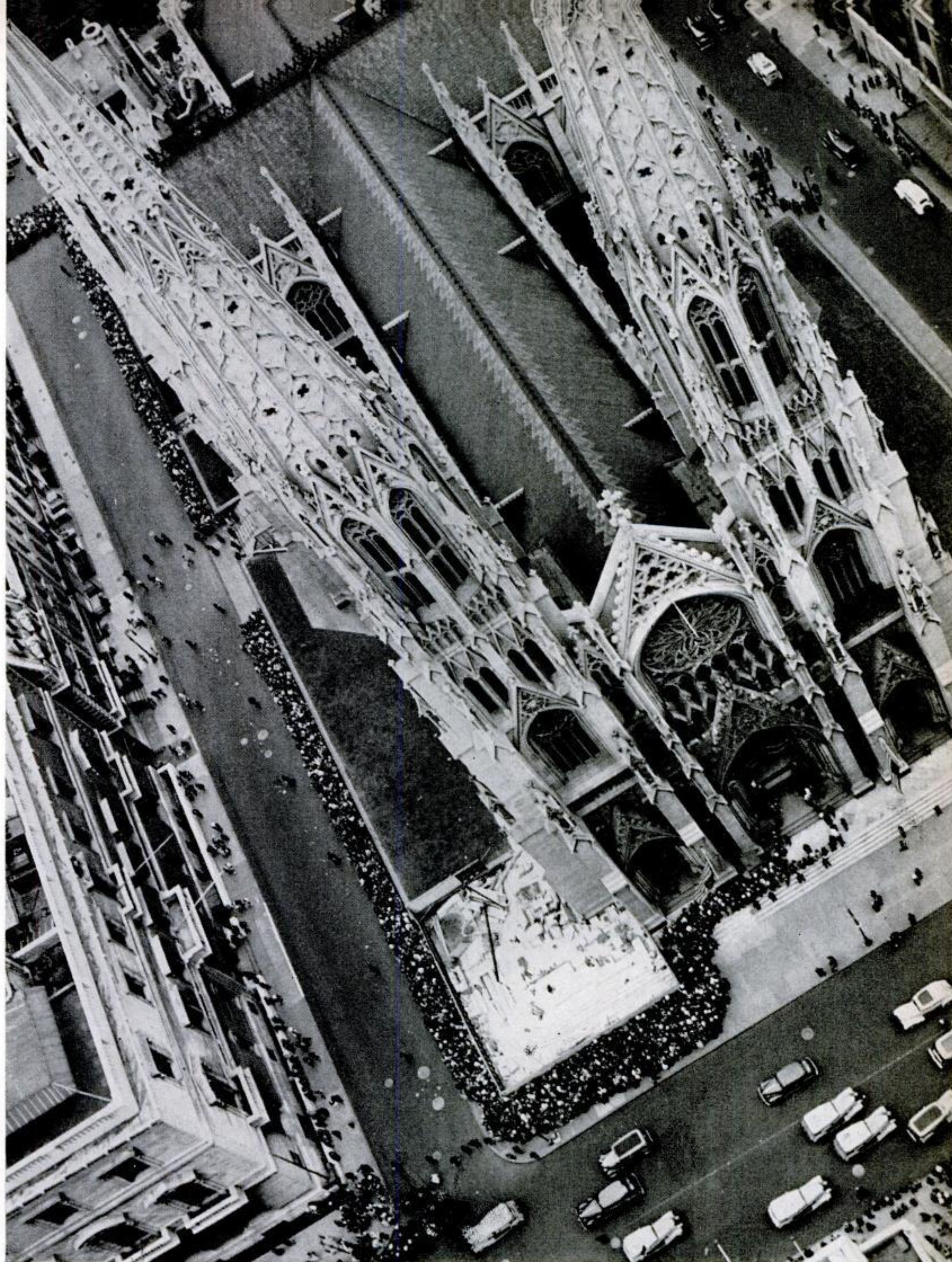




CARDINAL HAYES ENTOMBED IN OWN CATHEDRAL'S CRYPT

In New York City on Sept. 9 the body of Patrick Joseph Cardinal Hayes, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, Prince of the Church, was entombed in the crypt of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where since 1919 he had presided as spiritual sovereign of 1,000,000 Catholics in the richest and most populous archdiocese in the world.

For three days following his death Cardinal Hayes lay in state while 200,000 mourners filed into St. Patrick's and past the catafalque in the Cathedral crossing of transept and nave. The drawing of this scene on the opposite page combines the shadowy sweep of the Cathedral with the rich detail of the Cardinal's bier as no newscamera was able to do. His funeral lasted five hours, awed Fifth Avenue with magnificent ecclesiastical pageantry, brought to New York virtually every important prelate in North America.



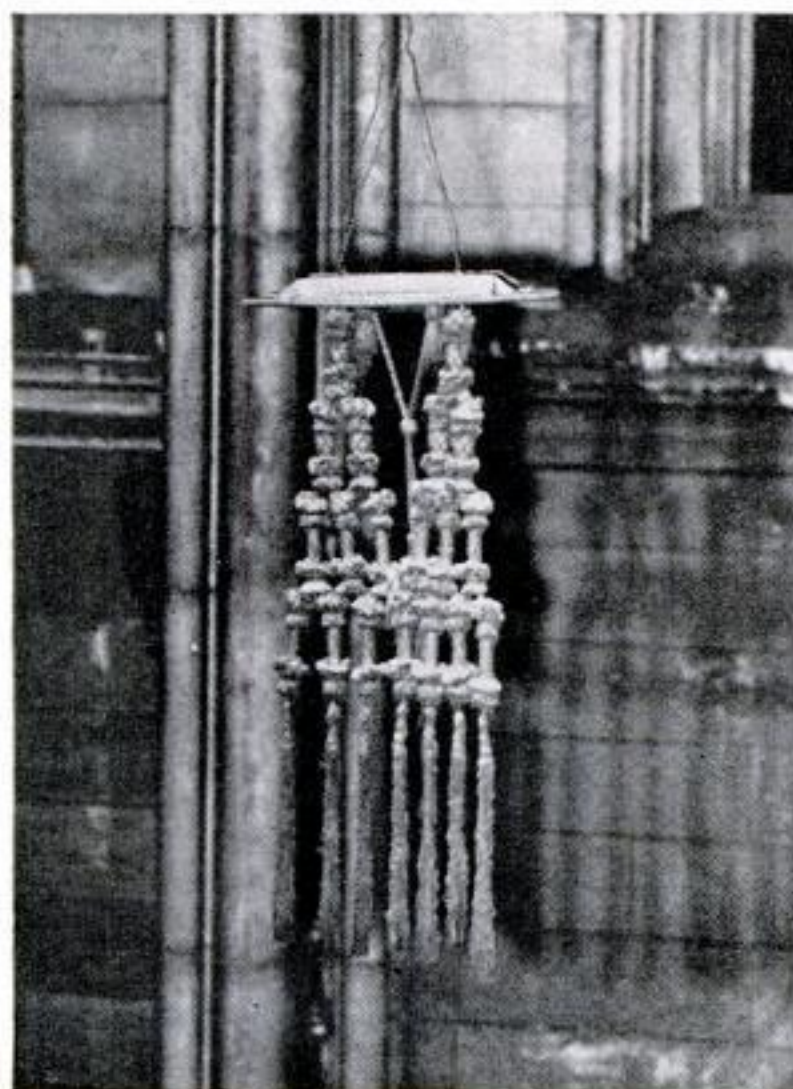
Palm Sunday: Mgr. Lavelle, St. Patrick's rector; Cardinal Hayes; Most Rev. S. J. Donahue, likely next archbishop.

St. Patrick's Cathedral received a three-day river of mourners, shown here moving west on 51st Street, in the front

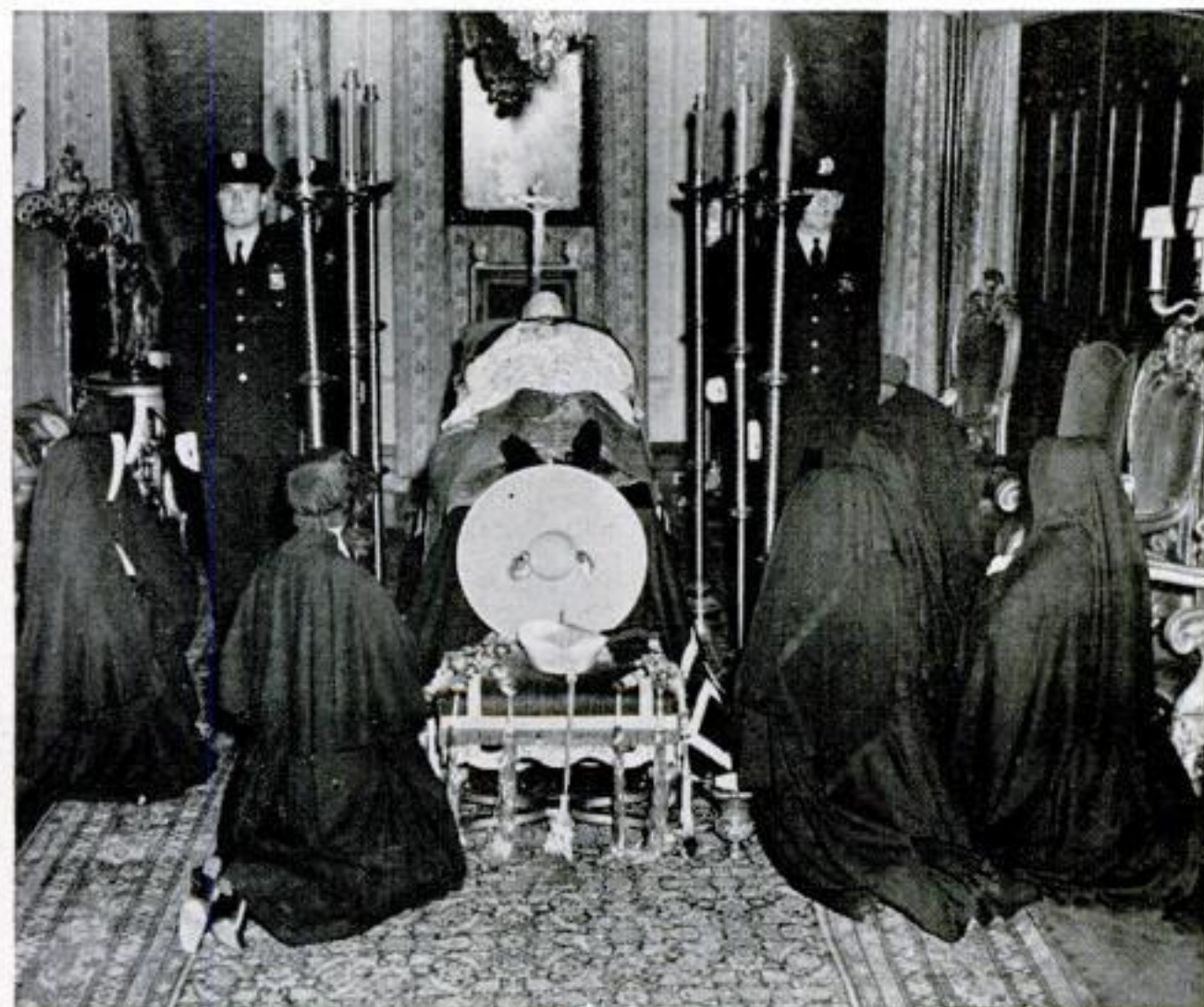
doors, at the rate of 6,000 an hour. This picture was taken from the 70-story R.C.A. Building in Rockefeller Center.



Cardinal McCloskey's hat has hung suspended from nave of St. Patrick's since his death in 1885.

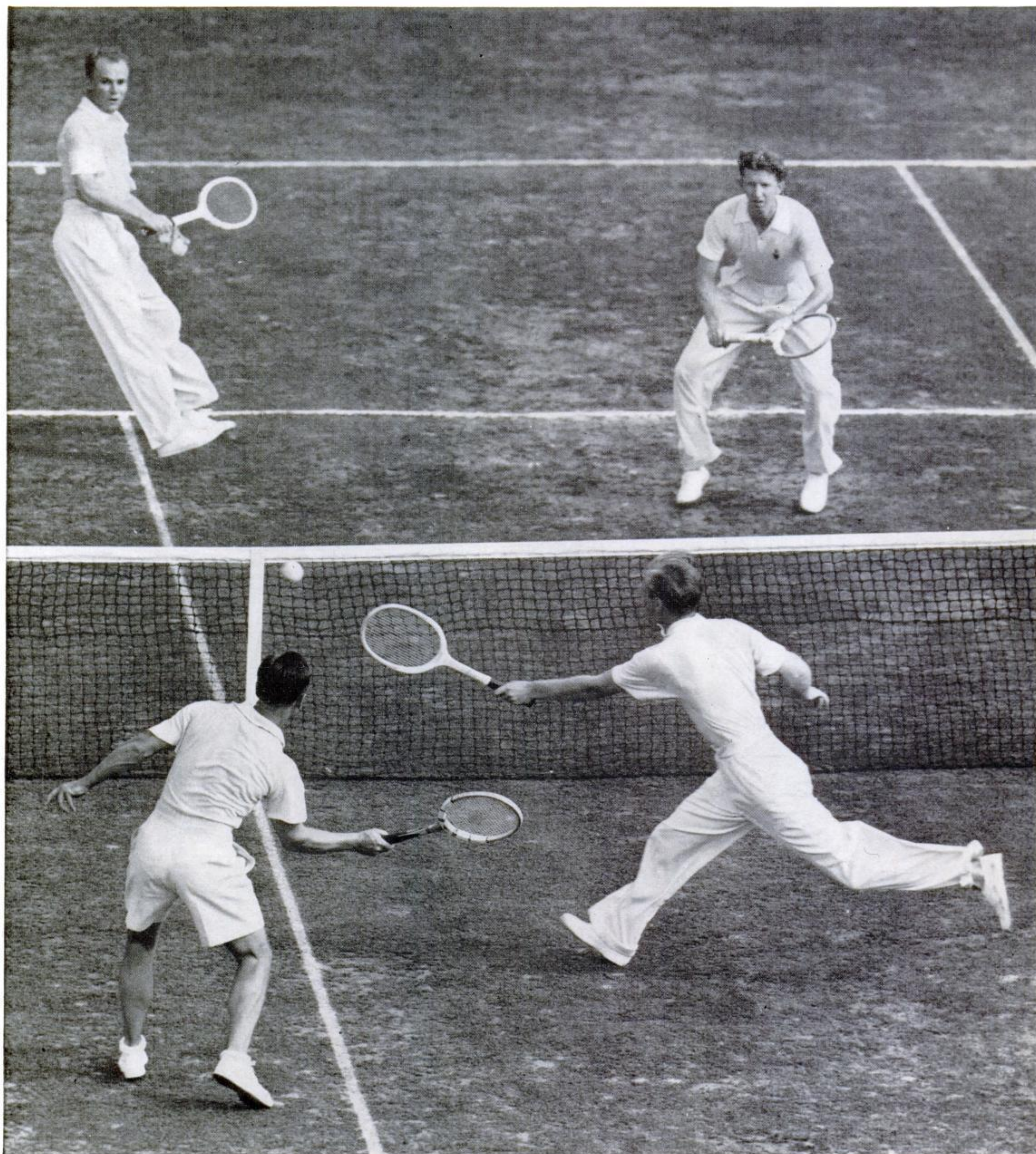


Cardinal Farley's hat, suspended in 1918, has not yet been warped by the weight of its 15 tassels.



Cardinal Hayes's hat rests here at his feet, and will soon join those of his predecessors. Cardinals wear their hats only on the highest ecclesiastical occasions,

LABOR DAY WEEKEND BRINGS LAURELS TO SPORTS HEROES, NEW AND OLD



U. S. KEEPS THE DAVIS CUP AS AN AUSTRALIAN BECOMES A HERO

Most exciting tennis of Labor Day weekend was the Davis Cup doubles match at Philadelphia between the Americans (Budge and Mako) and the Australians (Quist and Bromwich). At the tense moment shown above, the ball has been volleyed by Mako, at left in far court. Long-legged Jack Bromwich, at right in near court, cuts in front of Team-mate Quist to hit a hard left-forehand shot. The Australians' smashing, net-crowding game (LIFE, Sept. 5) gave

them an easy four-set victory but could not win the series. Donald Budge took two singles matches and Bobby Riggs beat Adrian Quist, thus giving America the series, 3-2.

Hero of the series was bashful Jack Bromwich, 19-year-old Australian with the double-handed grip, who beat Bobby Riggs in the final match. Bromwich convinced experts that if Budge turns pro he soon will be the world's best amateur player and Australia will next year win the Davis Cup.

MRS. ASTOR AT THE BAT



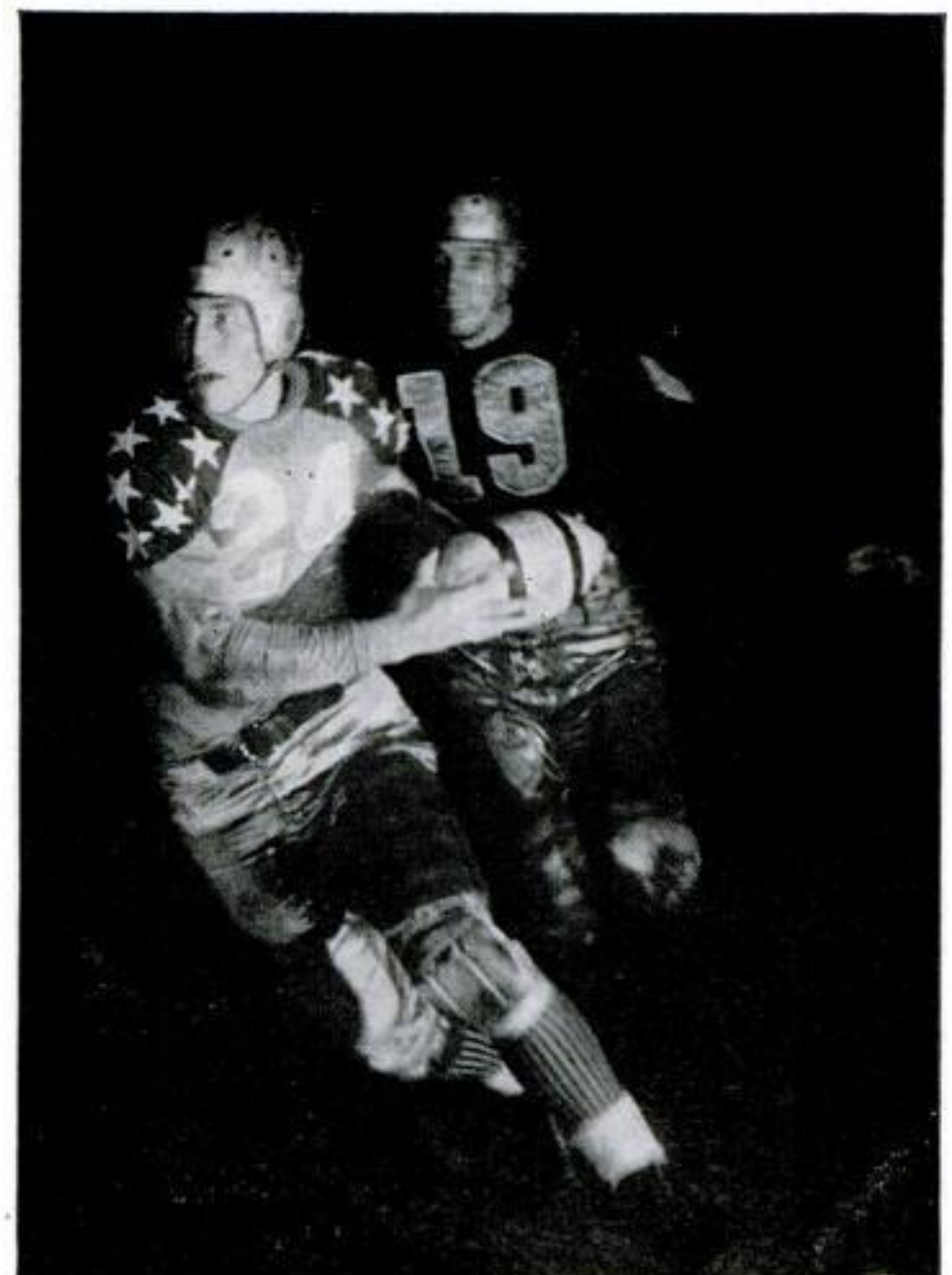
"Wait 'em out, Tucky," yelled spectators as red-haired Mrs. John Jacob Astor III batted for the "Dead End Kids" in a Newport society softball game. This contest, held to raise money to send a local men's team to the World's Championships, ended in a 6-6 tie. Mrs. Astor batted and fielded .000.

NEW HORSESHOES CHAMPION



Hubert Trinkle, a gangling 20-year-old factory worker from Anderson, Ind., wearing overalls held up by a loose suspender, won the A. A. U. National Amateur Horseshoe Pitching Championship at Willowbrook Park, Staten Island. On Labor Day Trinkle pitched 500 shoes, made 335 ringers.

"WHIZZER" BREAKS LOOSE



Byron ("Whizzer") White, Colorado's All-America, Phi Beta Kappa football player, makes an 11-yd. gain as College All-Stars beat Washington Redskins, 28-16, in Chicago. White will play pro football with Pittsburgh Pirates, earn \$15,000, enter Oxford as a Rhodes scholar in January.

CLEVELAND JUMPER HITS THE MARK



Johnny Dunkel, young parachute jumper, won the dangerous landing-to-a-mark contest at Cleveland's National Air Races. Jumping from 2,000 ft., he knocked down a small wooden stake in the center of a big white circle painted on the flying field. Only one other jumper landed anywhere in the circle. Six missed the field completely, landed all over Cleveland.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN WINS BENDIX DERBY



Averaging 249 m.p.h., Jacqueline Cochran flew from Burbank, Calif., to Cleveland in 8 hr. 10 min. to win the Bendix Trophy and \$12,500. She is being congratulated by Vincent Bendix (left), donor of the prize, and Alexander de Seversky, who built her fast, expensive pursuit plane. Miss Cochran is the wife of multi-millionaire Investment Banker Floyd Odlum.



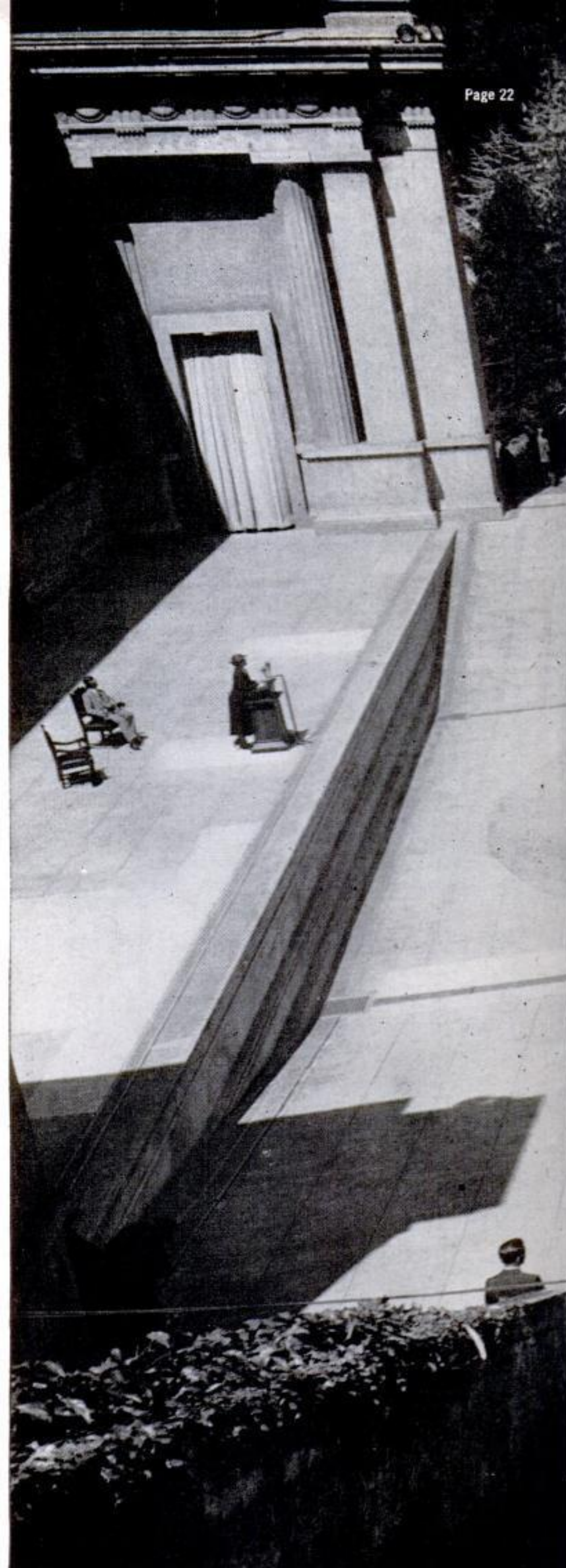
SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI: JANE JACKSON

CALIFORNIA OPENS FALL SEMESTER WITH PAGEANTRY AND FUN

In Berkeley, Calif., the greater part of the biggest student body ever enrolled at the University of California (15,500) jam-packed the Hearst Greek Theater for the first assembly of the academic year 1938-39. Ceremonially this convocation marked the opening of the fall semester. But for some 700 ambitious girls in the freshman class the college year had begun two weeks before when they arrived in Berkeley and embarked on an unnerving fortnight of sorority rushing.

Their single effort was to impress one or more of the 29 campus sororities with their looks, talents, charm. Some came armed with letters from alumnae, some with acquaintances among upperclassmen. Others stumbled unknown and anxious into the grim round of luncheons, teas and dinners. By Sept. 1 their college careers had been permanently shaped. When bids went out, 330 rushees hove happily into the haven of the Greek alphabet while nearly 400 were turned disconsolately adrift for four years upon the dismal sea of "social inferiority."

Rushing over, the fun began. First event was Sigma Chi's annual Derby on Channing Way, involving selection of a Sweetheart. Picked from her 330 fellow pledges as 1938 Sweetheart of Sigma Chi was Jane Jackson, '42, of Kappa Kappa Gamma (left). Gasp'd Jane: "Gee, but I'm scared."



DR. AURELIA HENRY REINHARDT



At Delta Gamma, freshman rushees were diverted by an after-dinner tug of war, on the theory that lively parties attract lively pledges. The winning team shown here got lollipops.



At Gamma Phi Beta, girls staged a "farm dinner," ate hamburgers, wore overalls, smoked corn cob pipes. Gamma Phis won silver cup for pledging most freshmen this year (24).



NEARBY MILLS COLLEGE ADDRESSES CALIFORNIA'S 15,500 UNDERGRUATES AUG. 26



At Kappa Alpha Theta Jean Guittard, freshman pledge (*left*), enjoyed formal dancing with Jean Sayre, upperclassman.



At the sweetheart derby staged by Sigma Chi, rushees were smeared with war paint, pushed down a small roller coaster.



Freshman Bob Shumate of Napa, Calif., stares like stout Cortes in "wild surmise" over Cal's sea of unknown faces.

"Jim Farley Has Done More Favors And Made Mor



"Roosevelt made me, and I'm never forgetting that," says Farley of the man he made President.



Jack Garner is regarded by Farley as "one of the truly great public men of this generation."



Charlie Michelson, the No. 1 Democratic ghost writer, has reputedly written Farley's speeches.



Ed Kelly, boss of Chicago, seldom sees Roosevelt, always sees Farley on his Capital visits.

FARLEY AND THE FUTURE

by

JOSEPH ALSOP and ROBERT KINTNER

If Franklin Delano Roosevelt chooses to run for a third term, James Aloysius Farley is ready to support him. Farley has said so quite frankly to several cronies and broadly intimated as much to a wider circle. Even the President's intellectual advisers, who hate and are hated by Farley, trust him that far. It would need a strange set of circumstances to make Farley change his mind. He would have to disavow the big loyalty of a lifetime of extremely simple, rather touching loyalties. He would have to suppress a gratitude natural in the genial, glad handing son of a small-town saloonkeeper to the man who carried him from the purlieus of New York politics to the cathedral splendors of his chambers at the Post Office. He would have to repudiate his oft-repeated statement: "Roosevelt made me, and I'm never forgetting that." And so Jim Farley's readiness to back the President in 1940 may be taken as the one near-certainty in a sea of doubt.

Doubt is so omnipresent because, as of September 1938, the future of the Democratic Party appears to include the whole political future. And unless John N. Garner, Burton K. Wheeler and their friends can pull off a successful uprising, the future of the Democratic Party also appears

to depend directly on the most unpredictable of all quantities, the personal relationship between two men. The two men are the President and his Postmaster General.

The President is the great leader of the masses. Without him, the New Dealers—White House intimates like Tom Corcoran, Ben Cohen and Harry Hopkins—are impotent to act. Jim Farley, chairman of the Democracy's National and New York State Committees, is the great leader of the Party organizations. Without him, the orthodox Democrats, even men like wise Vice President John Nance Garner, still seem powerless to assert themselves. The hour of decision, 1940, is nearing now. As it draws close, Roosevelt and Farley seem to draw apart, the one determined to nominate a successor who will perpetuate his new-fangled New Deal, the other set on picking a standard bearer whom the old-line Democrats will follow.

Until quite recently, it was hardly noticed that Jim Farley had more influence with the Democratic Party organizations than any man since Andrew Jackson. As every American child should know, but doesn't, the organizations are the bones and muscles of any political party.

Their job-holders and ward bosses get out the vote in elections. They choose 80 per cent of the candidates nominated in the primary and, what is even more important, they name 90 per cent of the delegates to national conventions. And since March 4, 1933, Jim Farley, and not Franklin Roosevelt, has managed the Democracy's organizations.

Is there a thorny problem involving a Federal project? The local Democratic leaders notify Jim, and he straightens it out. Is there a detail of legislation troubling a particular community? The bosses telephone Jim, and he puts in a good word on Capitol Hill. Is there a difficult patronage matter? Jim makes sure the man who gets the job has organization clearance. Once in a hundred times, the President has filled a job without consulting Jim. Occasionally he has hurt Jim very deeply as when he spent an hour with him on the morning Hugo L. Black's name went to the Senate, yet let Jim learn his Supreme Court choice from the news tickers. But for the other ninety-nine appointments, Chief Clerk Rudolph Forster at the White House has standing orders to transmit all names to Jim in advance. And so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

Friends Than Any Politician In American History, And His Power Is Proportionately Vast''



James Roosevelt gets on well with Farley, serves as liaison man between him and the President.



Robert H. Jackson, White House favorite, saw his build-up for 1940 die when Farley refused to help.



Senator Joseph Guffey, Pennsylvania boss, has Farley's gratitude for help in '32 convention, '36 campaign.



Paul V. McNutt, Indiana boss. Farley dislikes him, frowns on his 1940 hopes.



William Green. Farley prefers the A. F. of L. president to C.I.O.'s ambitious John L. Lewis.



Al Smith was Farley's first political patron and hero. The 1932 convention cooled their friendship.



Senator McAdoo. To his victorious "\$30-a-week-Thursdays" opponent, Farley pledged his "heartiest support."



Governor Lehman, now cool to Mr. Roosevelt, is still in good Farley graces.



John F. Curry, ex-Tammany boss. He fought Mr. Roosevelt in 1932 convention. Tammany has paid.



Bruce Barton, a 1940 Republican Presidential hopeful. Farley is proud of his Big Business friendships.



John D. M. Hamilton, G.O.P. chairman. Farley met his 1936 attacks with good-natured condescension.



Secretary of the Navy Swanson, politician, is a congenial Cabinet-mate.



Jack Dempsey. An old friend of his Boxing Commission days proved useful in the 1936 campaign.



Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. Farley has been a special target of her husband's anti-New Deal blows.



Huey Long won Farley's hate as the only man who has ever publicly accused him of personal dishonesty.



Secretary of the Navy Swanson, politician, is a congenial Cabinet-mate.

Farley, the saloonkeeper's son



James A. Farley was born in Grassy Point, N. Y., in 1888, second (rear center) of a saloonkeeper's five sons.



A crack first baseman (right), he was nicknamed "Stretch" Farley.



A potent Elk (second row, center), Farley was elected to the presidency of the New York State Elks Association in 1924. Until 1926 he earned his living as a gypsum salesman, then went into contracting.

tion in 1924. Until 1926 he earned his living as a gypsum salesman, then went into contracting.

Farley, the husband & father

FARLEY AND THE FUTURE (continued)

it goes. Twelve hours a day, weekdays, Sundays and holidays, Jim has labored as the Washington agent of the Party organizations, building new ones, strengthening weak ones, rewarding strong ones.

Farley is an organizing genius. He neither smokes nor drinks, cares nothing for the common social pleasures, and cheerfully gives all his waking hours to his big job. He has an incredible memory, not only for faces and names, but for family facts. The American crowd is rare in which Jim can't find a friend to greet after this fashion: "How are you Sam, and how's the wife and the boy at West Point?" And with the health of a horse, he can do three times the work of an ordinary man.

Visiting politicians from the meanest county committeemen to big bosses like Ed Kelly of Chicago and Frank Hague of Jersey City make the Farley office their first Washington stop. Significantly, they rarely venture to call at the White House, but they always insist on long talks with Jim at the Post Office Department. His daily interviews are many. All day long, he is on the telephone at least once every ten minutes, talking to Los Angeles or Augusta, Seattle or Miami. He dispatches a daily average of 200 personal letters, all signed in his special green ink in his own hand. His Washington existence is arduous. His life on tour is worse. He has traveled so incessantly that since 1936 he has visited all forty-eight states. His progresses are made with all the privacy and calm of an itinerant circus. When he is motoring, he stops at every post office. Sometimes messengers are sent ahead to announce his coming. Wherever he stops, he sees every politician who presents himself and is ready to pump-handle the entire local population. With a naïve pride in his own achievements, he once took a postal inspector along on one of his trips, to clock the number of individuals whose hands he shook. The reported total was 30,000. Yet he returned from that trip, as he does from them all, as fresh as an energetic baby.

This big, pink-faced, egg-headed Irishman, passing out the patronage, partitioning the pap, tirelessly trying to "contact" every voter in the United States, may seem a trifle ludicrous to you. But power in organization politics has the strictly feudal basis of personal friendship and personal gratitude. Jim Farley has done more favors and made more friends than any politician in American history, and his power is proportionately vast. The image is exaggerated but so far as the Party organizations are concerned, the re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



Mrs. Elizabeth Farley is notably dressy, dislikes Washington society.



She prefers New York's politico-contracting set. Above, with Tammanyman James Gerard.



Son James Jr. is 10. He enters New York Military Academy this fall.

Farley, the Roman Catholic



"My country and my church" are Jim Farley's first loyalties. Here political feuds are postponed as he lines up with

three famous anti-New Dealers: Al Smith, John J. Raskob, Justice Pierce Butler (behind him) at a Catholic gathering.

Farley, the political boss



Winning the bosses of local Democratic machines was Farley's first big job. Above, he golfs with Jersey City's Hague.



Winning the Negroes of the North away from their traditional Republican loyalty was Farley's great 1936 feat.



Entering politics as town clerk in 1912, he rose to be N. Y. Boxing Commissioner in 1924. Above, with Dempsey.



Daughter Betty, 16, finished school last spring, is entering Wellesley. Daughter Ann, 13, goes to Marymount.



Catholic Farley kisses the ring of Cardinal Pacelli during the Papal Secretary of State's visit to America in 1936.



Winning the women for Roosevelt was 1932 feat which he managed with help of able Mary W. Dewson (above).

"I FORMED THE OPINION EARLY THAT CORDELL HULL WAS THE MOST UNSELFISH MAN I EVER MET IN POLITICS. HIS RECORD OF ACCOMPLISHMENT WILL STAND OUT LONG AFTER THE REST OF US ARE FORGOTTEN."—JAMES A. FARLEY



ANN GUTKIN MODELS FOR FAMOUS PAINTERS

This Greenwich Village girl hangs in museums

The long-legged glamorous young women who pose at large salaries for commercial photographers have been widely publicized, frequently end up as Hollywood starlets. With few exceptions they are not the sort of model that serious painters like to use. The sort of model that these artists do like is Miss Ann Gutkin, 26, a small vivid blonde who uses no make-up and whose possibilities as a Glamor Girl are remote but who has exactly the kind of compact well-rounded body that Renoir admired. LIFE herewith presents in color five interpretations of Ann Gutkin by five leading American artists, and a few impressions of Miss Gutkin's private life by its own photographer.

Daughter of a Russian ballet dancer, Miss Gutkin has played bit parts in the theater. She shares an apartment with her brother, has a sister married to a Hollywood animal trainer. Her posing brings in about \$30 a week and in the summer her own sketch class brings in a little more.



AFTER SUN BATH ON HER MANHATTAN ROOF, ANN GUTKIN ROBES TO DESCEND STAIRS



Robert Brackman's Ann Gutkin is a conventional, idealized semi-nude in a painting whose outstanding beauty is reflected in its title: *Composition in Life and Still Life*. At first glance, it looks as though Miss Gutkin had posed for both figures but the seated woman is actually the artist's wife, Frances.



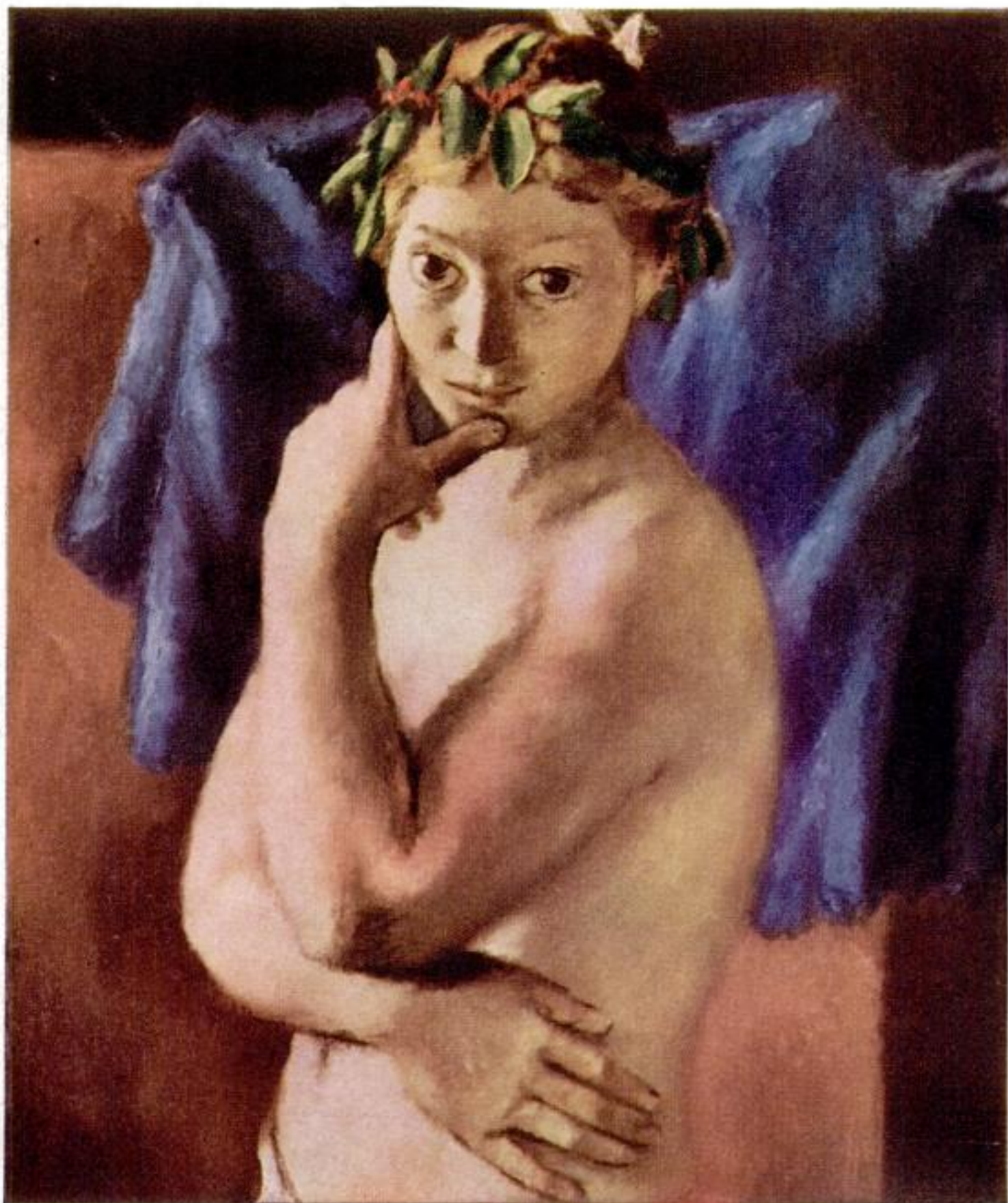
Ann Brockman's Ann Gutkin is heavily voluptuous in the Rubens style. Artist Brockman got the idea for this study, called *Nude*, when she happened to go swimming with a young model in a secluded quarry. Because life models must be careful to avoid uneven suntanning, they usually swim in the nude.



Leon Kroll's Ann Gutkin, pink-&-white and pretty, is painted in this famous contemporary artist's slick, popular style. This painting, *Ann in White Scarf*, would probably command a higher price (about \$3,500) than any other painting shown here. Miss Gutkin herself says: "I think it's good but it's not at all like me."



Jerry Farnsworth's Ann Gutkin, entitled *The Dancer*, shows a very different conception of the model: prim, prettified, thoughtful. It is her favorite and is now on exhibition at the academic Grand Central Galleries. While it was being painted Miss Gutkin lived near the artist's home on Cape Cod, Mass.



Alexander Brook's Ann Gutkin is even more startling. In her he saw a pensive, pagan, Pan-like character which he calls *Bacchante*. It has been purchased by the recently modernized Brooklyn Museum. A rear view of Brook's Miss Gutkin hangs, to her intense pleasure, in New York's Metropolitan Museum.



ANN GUTKIN TENDS HER FLOWERS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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THIS IS HOW ANN GUTKIN, ACE ARTIST'S MODEL, LIVES IN GREENWICH VILLAGE



From her apartment on Eighth Street in Greenwich Village Ann Gutkin goes to pose.



She lives with her brother who sleeps in the upper half of a double-decker bed. Brother Peter Gutkin runs a dry-cleaning shop in Harlem.



She writes her memoirs of the famous artists who have painted her, in the book-lined Gutkin living room of the two-room apartment.



In the small kitchenet Ann Gutkin is filling a coffee pot with water for her flowers.



For her sketch class, which she conducts on the third floor of a 14th Street studio building, Ann hires another model to pose on dais.



Wednesdays and Thursdays, the Gutkin sketch group meets. At left she sun-bathes on roof of her apartment.



Out to dance with Boy Friend Emrich Nicholson, an industrial designer and Yale graduate, ends Ann's day.



Pure refreshment



COPYRIGHT 1938, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Everybody welcomes *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola...at bright and cheerful soda fountains. It's a moment that brings friends together...to enjoy the pure refreshment of this sociable drink.



"THIRST ASKS NOTHING MORE"

*A Salute to the
48 States*
"AMERICA'S FINEST"

"AMERICA'S

a Challenge

**WHY SEAGRAM'S 7 and 5 CROWN HAVE
EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE CALLED—**
"America's Finest"

DISTILLERIES . . . Seagram has \$80,000,000 invested in rare whiskies, distilleries and equipment to insure the uniformly finer taste of Crowns.

WHISKEY STOCKS . . . Seagram has 80,000,000 gallons of fine whiskey in reserve from which to select . . . a vast treasure perpetuating quality and uniformity.

MANAGEMENT . . . The House of Seagram is controlled by officers actively engaged in the management of the business.

BLENDING SKILL . . . From thousands of possible combinations, Seagram's expert blenders have achieved in Crown Whiskies a "masterpiece of the blender's art."

• THEY TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"

FOR YOUR INFORMATION . . . Seagram's 7 Crown is a richer whiskey than 5 Crown. It is 90 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown is a milder, more delicate whiskey, containing 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. Also 90 Proof. Both are "America's Finest". Seagram-D



"AMERICA'S FINEST"

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

S FINEST

*A Salute to the
48 States*
"AMERICA'S FINEST"

by Seagram

FINER QUALITY . . . Seagram has dared to ask the public to judge Crowns by the same standards which professional whiskey tasters use—a method that reveals instantly the quality, smoothness and mildness of a whiskey.

BETTER TASTE . . . Seagram's Crowns are America's finest tasting whiskeys . . . they taste even better than the finest blends of the old days and *Seagram experts have proved it.*

PUBLIC PREFERENCE . . . Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown, for a period of 34 months ending April, 1938, in the 14 states that publish official records, have outsold *all other blended whiskeys in their price class put together.*

137 MILLION BOTTLES . . . Over 137 million bottles (all sizes) of 7 and 5 Crown have been sold since July, 1934.

THE CHALLENGE . . . Compare the taste of either 7 Crown or 5 Crown Whiskey with any other whiskey you can name, side by side, regardless of price . . . and prove to yourself that Seagram's Crowns are... "*America's Finest*".

THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED .

own Whiskies
Finest

containing 60%
5 Crown is a
from American
Corp., N. Y.



Looking ahead to a November Wedding



Leonora Ormsby of Saks-Fifth Avenue plans an informal wedding of ultra-smartness. She puts the bride into gleaming Bemberg* satin lamé, with V-tail jacket and train (and makes it very practical, too, for without the jacket, the dress is a daring, backless evening frock). Then slips the bridesmaid into a pink dinner suit with an Irene Hayes floral muff and scores another "different" wedding.

*Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Ask your 1847 Rogers Bros. dealer about the exciting new trends in wedding invitations and announcements. About the newest ideas as to the bride's gifts to her bridesmaids. And be sure to tell him your choice of the lovely 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns, so he can pass the hint—well in time—to your friends. Then every lovely piece will match. Better see him at once.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Meriden, Conn.

"AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE"



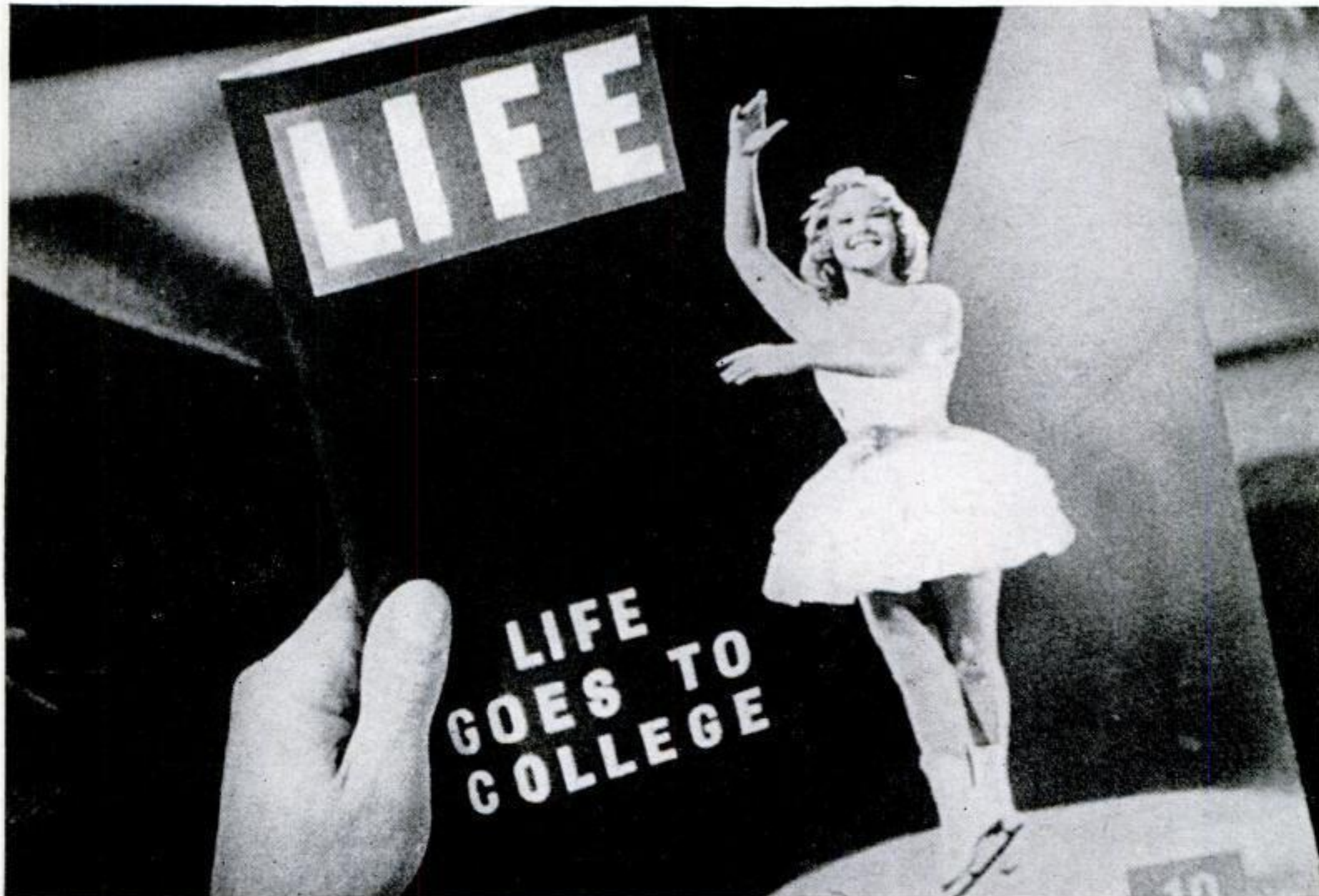
Irene Hayes, New York's smart-world florist, chooses a Louis Sherry wedding-ring cake to hold her centerpiece of Mahaja roses and snapdragons, and with this, uses green-banded Wedgwood plates, clearest Bacarrat Crystal glasses, and the bride's mother's lovely 1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate. "Like many fine traditions," says Irene Hayes, "the taste for 1847 Rogers Bros. runs in families. The bride who is accustomed to the best on her mother's table naturally wants 1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate for her own."



1847 Rogers Bros. poses the hardest question a fall bride has to answer—which pattern? For 1847 patterns are all so lovely! "First Love" brings to the world of silverplate, for the first time, the high-raised motif, the deep-etched detail of sterling. "Lovelace" borrows orange blossoms to wreath its pierced motif. And "Legacy" has a fine, early New England quality. In any of the eight 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns, a service for six costs but \$32.50. Easy terms of payment make it possible to have all the pieces one needs.

★TUNE IN—Sunday, October 2—hear WILLIAM POWELL open the "SILVER THEATER," featuring leading Hollywood stars every Sunday.
C. B. S. coast-to-coast, 6 P. M., E. S. T.—5 P. M., C. S. T.—4 P. M., M. S. T.—3 P. M., P. S. T.

MOVIES



IN "MY LUCKY STAR" SONJA HENIE ACQUIRES FAME BY APPEARING ON A "LIFE" COVER

SONJA HENIE GOES TO COLLEGE

Sonja Henie's first all-American plot takes her, in *My Lucky Star*, to Plymouth University. Though registered as a student, her real job is to act as a mannequin for "Cabot's-Fifth Avenue," which has supplied her with 16 ensembles ranging from ski togs to the skating costume below. At first she is ridiculed for this display of finery, but when the student body sees how divinely she skates, she is acclaimed queen of the ice carnival. "Life" cameramen, in search of pictures for a "Life Goes to College" issue (see LIFE, June 7, 1937), photograph her from all angles, place her on the cover. The cover, in turn, involves Sonja innocently in a triangle from which she extricates herself after a magnificent production of *Alice in Wonderland* on ice.



HOLLYWOOD SENDS THREE...



"LIFE" PHOTOGRAPHERS TO...



SNAP ICE QUEEN SONJA HENIE



COLLEGE STUDENT SONJA POSES FOR A "LIFE" COVER (ABOVE)

JANE
ENGEL

MADISON AT 79TH NEW YORK



Copr. 1938—American Viscose Corporation

**YOUR FALL BID IN
CROWN TESTED RAYON
CREPE...19.95**

Black, purple, peacock
blue, red and green.
Sizes 12 to 20.

JANE ENGEL
MADISON AT 79TH NEW YORK
THIS DRESS I LOVE IT SO
ENCLOSED FIND
CHECK, NOT DOUGH
SEND TO _____
QUANTITY _____ SIZE _____
COLORS _____



Cannibalism exists even in the frog world. The small spotted pickerel frog assumes that the giant bullfrog is a friendly relative and hops too close. With big, popping eyes the bullfrog looks his victim over. Suddenly he scoops

up his distant cousin, throws his head far back and gulps him down hind legs first (*below*). Nature compensates for this superiority by making the bullfrog the member of his family whose tasty legs are usually eaten by human

beings. The apparently harmless pickerel frog, on the other hand, possesses such potent poison glands distributed beneath its skin that it can kill many animals which devour it and thus irritate the glands into secreting venom.



NATURE

Beneath the surface of a peaceful pond a cameraman finds dramas of love and battle



DIVING BEETLE LOOKS MEAN

To most people the scene below is beautiful but lifeless. All they see is the sun, the trees, the glassy water. But to those who look deeper, the pond is as busy as a city street. For all of nature exists in and around a pond. And nature is the sum of thousands of creatures, some small and

some big, all of them living, loving and fighting to survive. Each and every animal has hundreds of enemies, spends its time avoiding violent death or preying upon other weaker animals to get its daily meals.

No man has observed these minute dramas of nature more closely than Lynwood Chace, owner of the pond below near Swansea, Mass. Twenty-five years ago the doctor ordered him to stay outdoors. With his box Brownie tucked under his arm he wandered through woods and waded up streams looking for strange happenings. As time went on he bought better and better cameras, found a good market for his pictures. Now he is famous throughout America and Europe for animal and insect pictures, has become a professional nature photographer.

Wearing hip boots and carrying a camera equipped with a powerful night searchlight in a waterproof case, he spends days and nights in the pond and adjoining swamps. Every picture he takes represents many hours of stalking, waiting, watching. His greatest exploit as a woodsman was to take a picture of a group of sleeping fawns at a distance of three feet without waking them. Most interesting, however, are his underwater photographs, shown here in color, of the constant guerrilla warfare in which nature's strongest animals live off the flesh of weaker species. He never travels to get pictures because he can find all his subjects right in or around his pond.



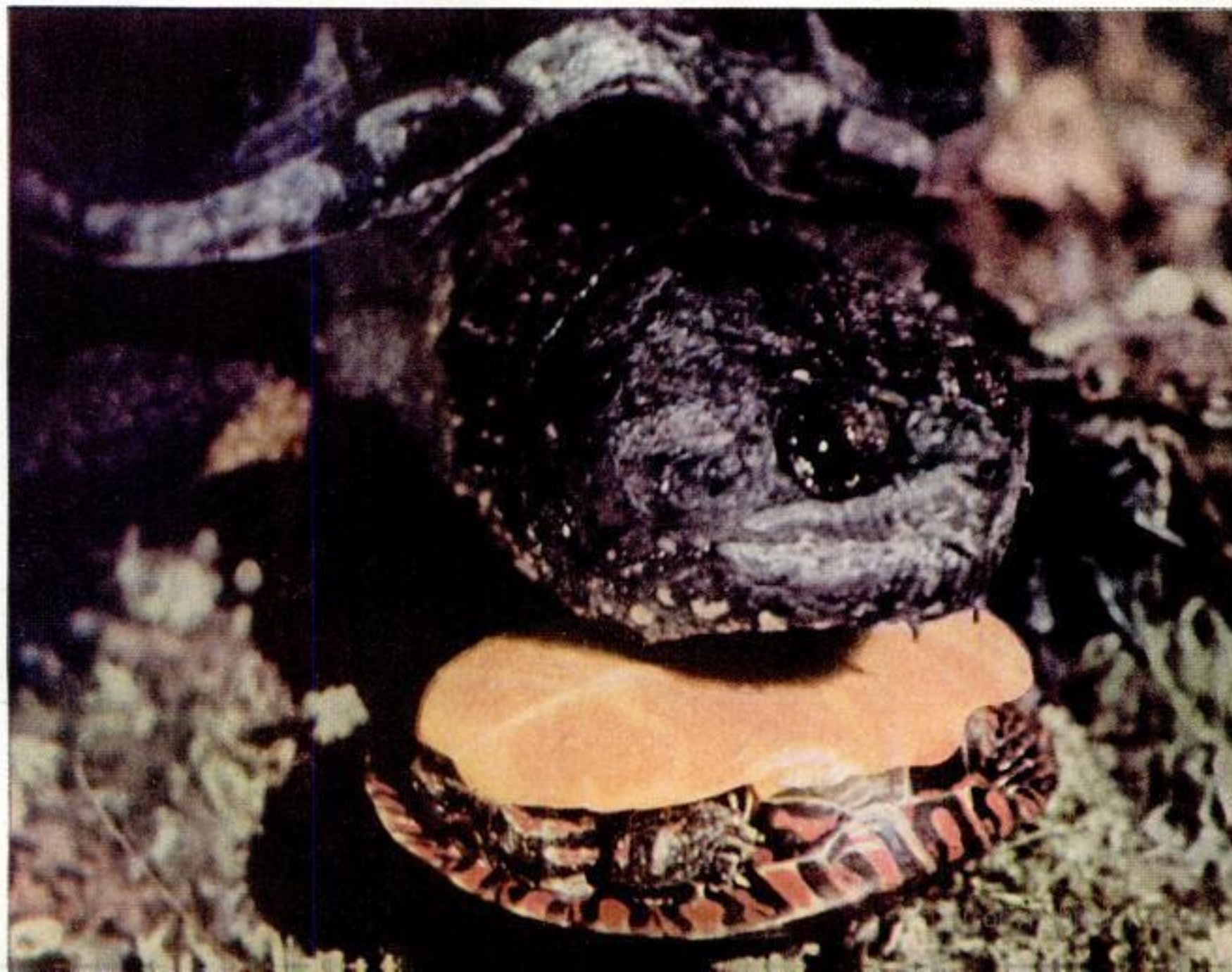
CHACE CALLS THIS POND AT SWANSEA, MASS., HIS "UNIVERSE IN MINIATURE"



Two turtles battle on the bottom of the Swansea pond. The large snapping turtle, lying upside down, is trying to catch the small painted turtle which is awkwardly balancing itself on the big turtle's stomach. The snapping turtle has powerful, razorlike jaws, is the most pugnacious of all turtles.

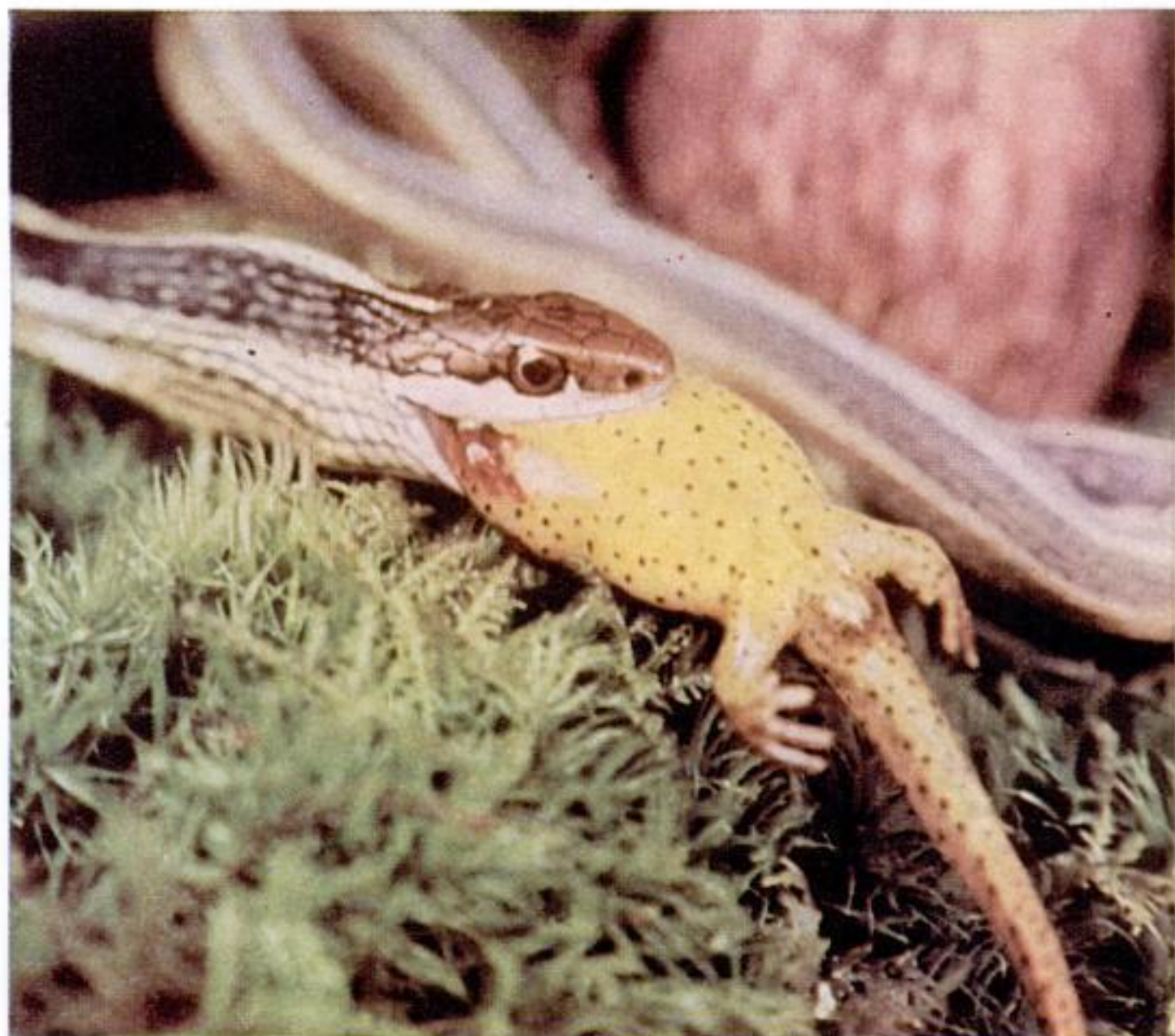


The small turtle retracts its legs and head in a desperate hurry as its opponent snaps jaws viciously. Below, the snapping turtle's jaws glance off the shell of the painted turtle which is slowly sliding out of reach and to safety. Snapping turtles try to kill any living thing within sight.





This female wood frog can't lay eggs by herself, so in picture above she is being helped by her mate who squeezes her with forelegs, forces out the 5,000 eggs that a frog lays at one time.



A ribbon snake devours a newt six times its own weight. This elegantly striped meat-eating reptile lives on frogs, tadpoles, toads and fish, would starve if forced to live on land.

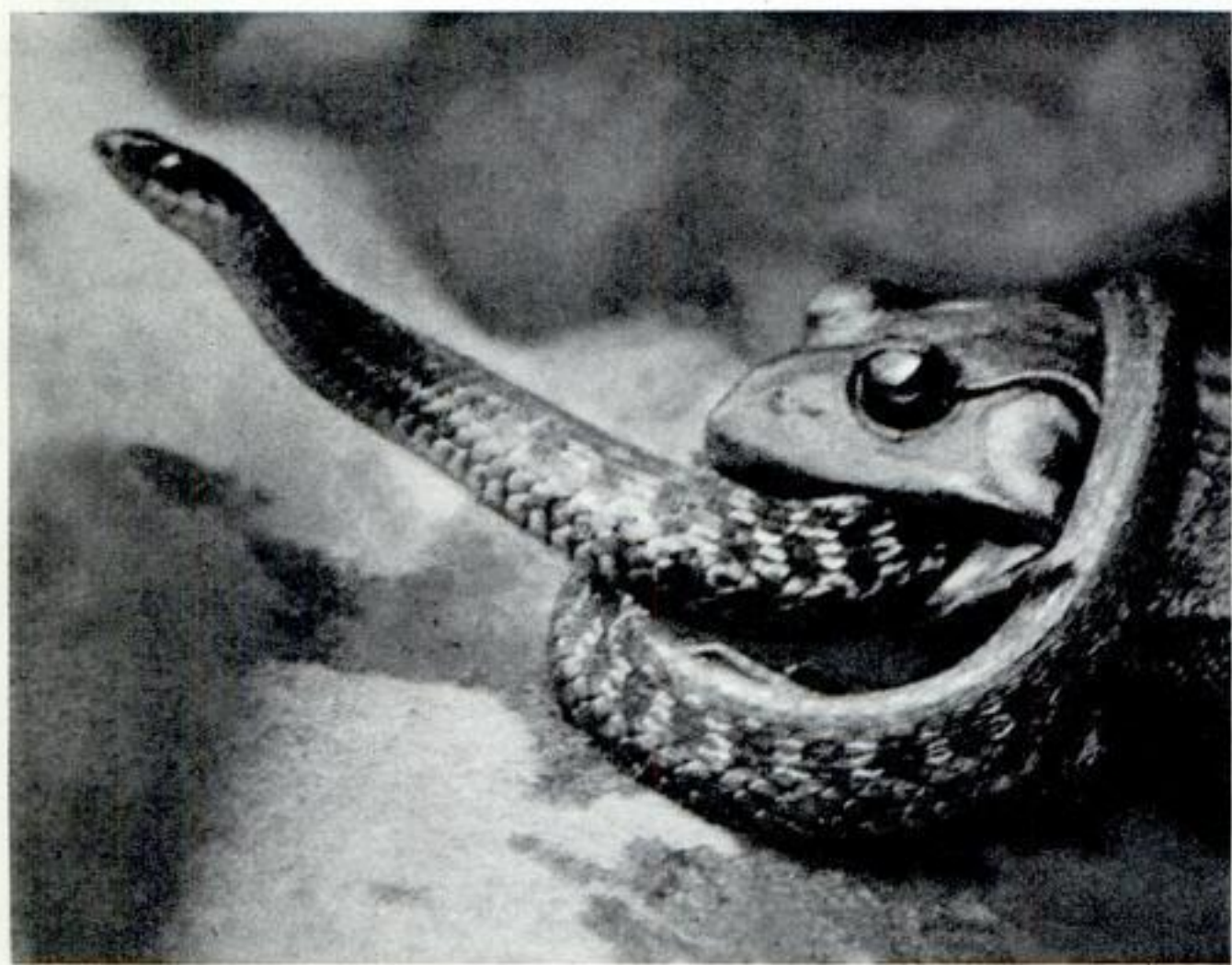


Weak from laying eggs, this frog is quickly attacked by a diving beetle and a bloodsucker (right), will die after three or four hours of agony. Because frogs lack both defensive and of-

fensive arms, they are the most vulnerable of all the inhabitants of the pond. The cannibalistic diving beetle has legs adapted to swimming. He lives off other undersea animals.



The bullfrog is the fighter of his family and even preys upon his traditional enemy, the snake. In the picture above you see a giant bullfrog crouching motionless underneath a toadstool, watching a garter snake forage for insects. Suddenly the frog will lunge and seize the reptile, and the death struggle will begin.



The snake lashes wildly to free itself from the jaws of the bullfrog. Its coils whip around the throat of the frog, squeeze, and try to choke it to death. The frog's eyes bulge. But usually the battle is soon over, with the snake inside its enemy. Below you see the victor, throat puffed out, in the act of gulping down his meal.



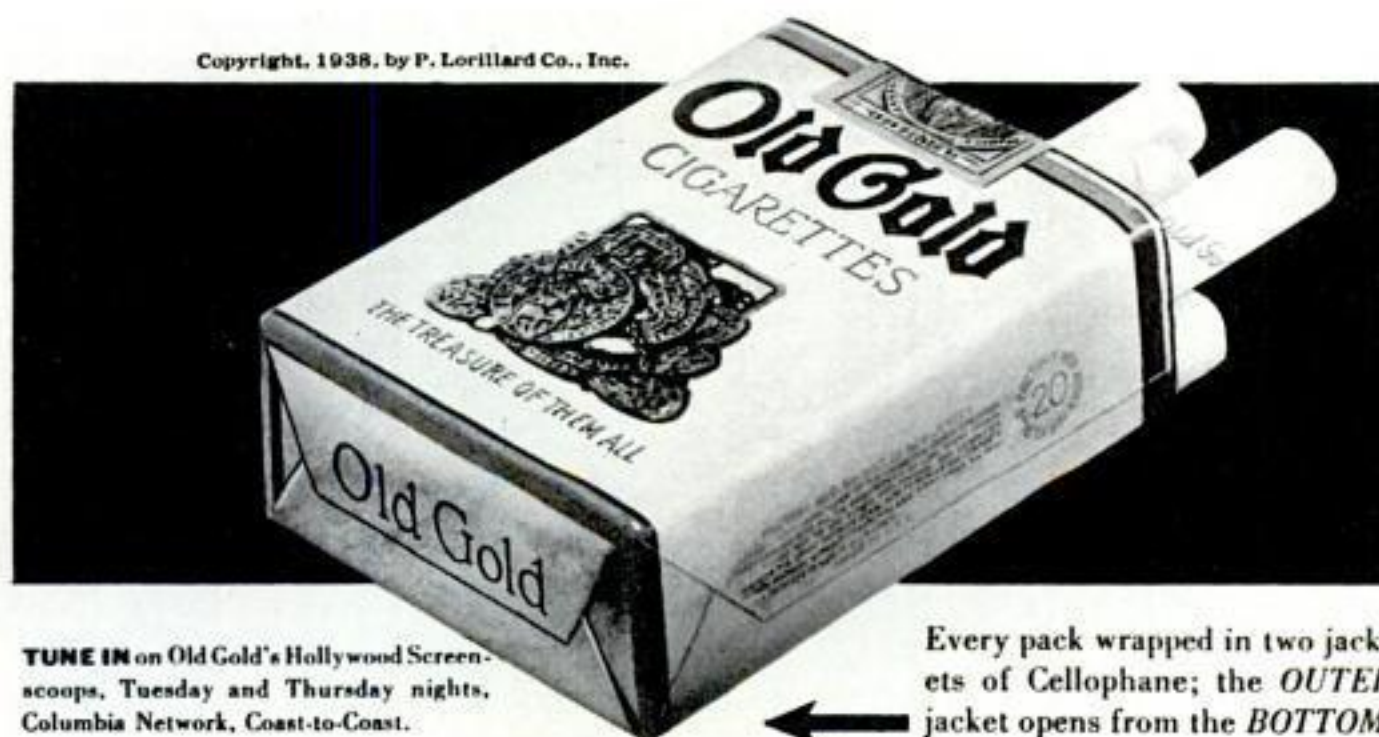
A Prescription for Pleasure NOT A "CURE-ALL"

No, I don't carry Old Golds in my medicine kit. That isn't where a good cigarette belongs. Nature's chemists created fine tobacco for Man's comfort and enjoyment; not for his ills and ailments.

Yet Old Gold IS a fine prescription. The pleasure prescription of an old practitioner. The Old Gold people have been practicing the art of blending tobaccos since 1760. They know the secret of selecting the right tobaccos, then aging and blending them until they are double-rich and double-mellow.

And that art is reflected even in the Old Gold package itself! Old Golds are double-sealed in double Cellophane, to protect their freshness—from the factory to your lips.

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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-scoops, Tuesday and Thursday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the **OUTER** jacket opens from the **BOTTOM**.



FRANK CAPRA

Here is Hollywood's greatest director looking at some of the 329,460 ft. of film he shot for *You Can't Take It With You*. The 11,530 ft. of it you will soon see on the screen will have been cut, edited and scored under his minute super-

vision. For such pictures as *It Happened One Night*, *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* and *Lost Horizon* have made Frank Capra so famous that he is allowed complete say over his productions, has more box-office appeal than many movie stars.



CAPRA'S CAST FOR "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU" INCLUDES DONALD MEEK, EDWARD ARNOLD, JAMES STEWART, JEAN ARTHUR, LIONEL BARRYMORE, MISCHA AUER

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

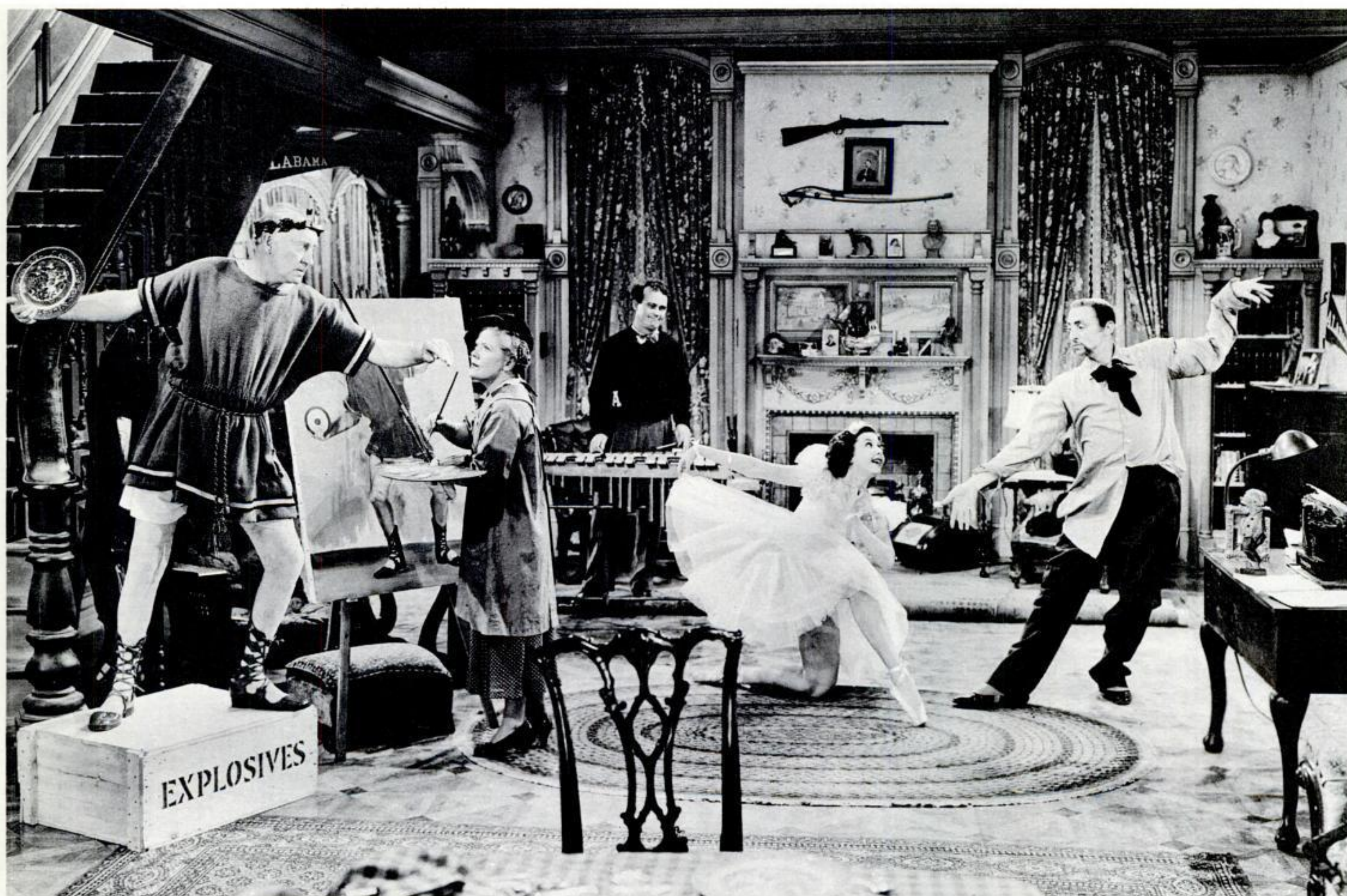
You Can't Take It With You

On Dec. 14, 1936, a new comedy by the playwrighting team of Kaufman & Hart opened in New York. It had slight plot and not much action. But its portrait of a screwy Manhattan family, in which everyone did as he pleased, was so full of gentle humor, so rich in plausibly insane situations, that critics used their warmest adjectives and a new hit was born. A month later, Columbia bought the movie rights for \$200,000. Half a year later, the Pulitzer Prize Committee named it the best play of the year. Today *You Can't Take It With You* is still, after 750 performances, drawing full houses on Broadway.

Now competing with it, a few blocks north in

Radio City Music Hall, is Frank Capra's screen version. In it the antics of the mad Vanderhof-Sycamores are not so much changed as amplified. They emerge from the living room of the play to scamper joyously down into the cellar where the illegal Sycamore fireworks are made, into the street where Grandpa Vanderhof's neighbors adore him, to Central Park where Granddaughter Alice has her date, to jail where the assorted Vanderhof-Sycamores all land.

To *You Can't Take It With You* fans who have seen the play acted by the Broadway cast or a road company, Capra's picture will bring a happy re-acquaintance with America's best-loved stage family.



Meet the Vanderhof-Sycamores in a quiet evening at their Manhattan home. Mother Sycamore (Spring Byington), who writes plays because eight years ago somebody delivered a typewriter to the house by mistake, has resumed her easel painting. Her discus-thrower model is Mr. De Pinna, who delivered the ice one day and has remained ever since. Her

daughter Essie (Ann Miller) toe-dances under the tutelage of Dancing Master Kolenkhov (Mischa Auer), whose appraisal of life in general is that "confidentially, it stinks." Her son-in-law Ed Carmichael plays the xylophone in the background. Upstairs Grandpa Vanderhof, who walked out of his office one day and never went back, plays the mouth organ.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Movie of the Week (continued)

LAUGHS FROM "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT"



In the Vanderhof basement the more inventive members of the family have their workshop. Father Sycamore (right) here makes his fireworks. He has just devised a spectacle of "Reds And Whites," based on the Russian Revolution. To advertise it, his son-in-law prints "Watch for the Revolution" cards to be distributed to the neighborhood in candy boxes.



In Central Park, where Alice (Jean Arthur) goes for her date with rich young Tony Kirby (James Stewart), he declares his love, promises to marry her despite his parents' objection. They dance the Big Apple with street gamins who pin a sign reading: "Lern The Big Apple 10¢" on Tony's back. He, in turn, pins it on Alice's. They all run when a cop appears.



The visit of the elegant Kirbys to Alice's topsy-turvy home proves disastrous. Mrs. Sycamore offends Mrs. Kirby by laughing at her faith in spiritualism. Mr. Poppins, a Capra touch, not in the play, terrifies her by popping out of the cellar with a mask. A raid by detectives definitely convinces the Kirbys that Alice is no girl for their son to marry.



Papa Sycamore's fireworks explode when detectives, invading the house in search of seditious literature, prevent Mr. De Pinna from removing his lighted pipe. Fire engines and a patrol wagon come clanging down the Manhattan street. All the Sycamore-Vanderhofs, as well as the elegant Kirbys, are put in cells with crooks, vagrants, prostitutes.



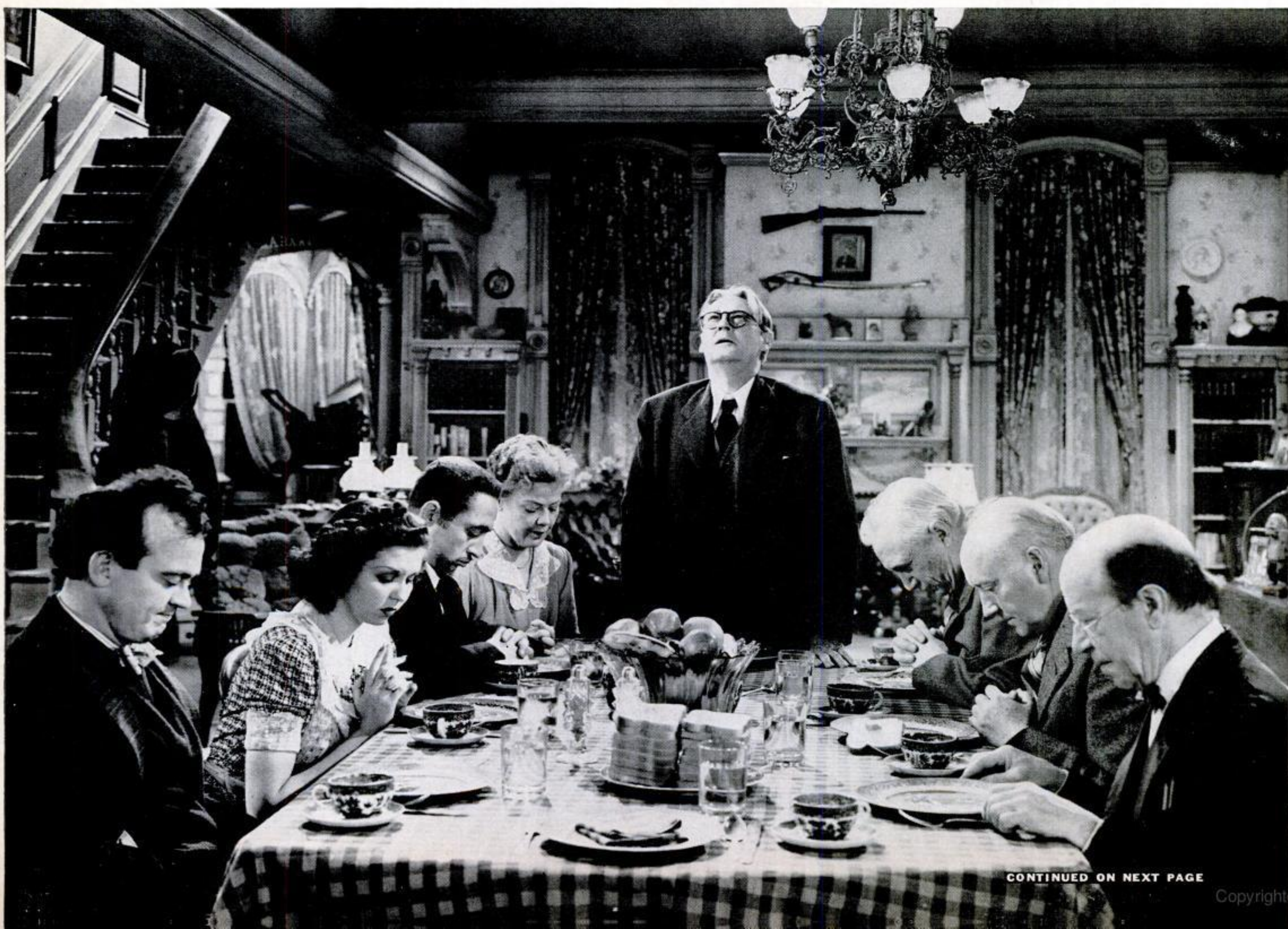
In jail Grandpa Vanderhof (Lionel Barrymore) is serene while Banker Kirby roars. In a rare burst of anger, Grandpa lectures the banker on his contempt for men, calls him a failure despite his wealth, tells him that when he dies he can't take his money with him.

At the night club, where Tony and Alice accidentally meet his snobbish parents, they are laughed at because of the Big Apple sign on Alice's back. When a prank of Tony's provokes Alice into screaming, he insists that a rat "so long" ran under their table.



The wrestling match between Kolenkhov and Banker Kirby is purely Kolenkhov's idea. The finish, with the great banker's dignity ruffled on the floor, is no aid to Alice Sycamore, who is in love with the banker's son. She had planned a very correct dinner for his parents, but he deliberately brings them a day ahead of time, thereby disrupting both families.

The benediction spoken by Grandpa Vanderhof over the evening meal is a touching prayer to a God both intimate and loved. A second meal, planned by Alice, results in a riot. But the same benediction scene, with the addition of the Kirbys and Alice, reappears at the end when the lovers have been reunited, the Vanderhof home saved, the banker regenerated.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

HOW FRANK CAPRA MAKES A HIT PICTURE



CAPRA LOVES TO LAUGH

in acting, writing and directing awards by the Motion Picture Academy and gave Frank Capra No. 1 rating among Hollywood directors.

The 6-year-old Sicilian boy who migrated to California, worked his way through California Institute of Technology and pruned trees at 60¢ a day, is now earning around \$350,000 a year. He makes only one picture a year. He chooses his own stories, allows no executive interference till the finished film is shown. Each successive one, no matter how varied the subject, reveals the characteristic Capra touch that makes it definitely a director's picture: a tender sense of humor, a quick sense of social satire, a glowing faith in human nature.

On these two pages LIFE takes you through Columbia's studios with Frank Capra while he is working on *You Can't Take It With You*. Columbia, like all Hollywood, considers Capra not so much a director as a magician. In 17 years he has had, as director of 28 films, only one flop. He has probably turned out more major hits than any other man in Hollywood, beginning with *That Certain Thing*, back in silent days, through his action-packed trilogy on war machines (*Submarine*, *Flight*, *Dirigible*) to *Lady For A Day* and the great series that began with *It Happened One Night*. The latter swept the 1934 field



Capra confers with Columbia Executive Harry Cohn on the budget. Cost of *You Can't Take It With You* reached a total of \$2,000,000. Expected net profit is \$1,000,000. Capra keeps well within budget restrictions, the only ones placed on his productions.



Capra studies designs for sets drawn by Art Director Stephen Goosson. Capra has kept the same crew of cameramen, assistant director, editor and "juicers" (electricians) for eight years. He carefully chooses actors to fit the roles, regardless of their box-office standing.



Capra plays the score composed by his friend Dimitri Tiomkin. The director believes that music is vital to his films and supervises it conscientiously. He plays the piano inexpertly, the guitar expertly, composed one comic number for Warner Baxter in *Broadway Bill*.



Capra relaxes on the set and tries his hand at the xylophone played by one of the Vanderhof-Sycamore clan in *You Can't Take It With You*. Actors enjoy working with him because he makes them feel at ease. Donald Meek, who plays Mr. Poppins, watches meditatively.



Capra directs James Stewart and Jean Arthur in their love scene in Central Park. He is no megaphone director and never lapses into displays of temperament. He studies his actors' personalities, draws out of them character traits unperceived by other directors.



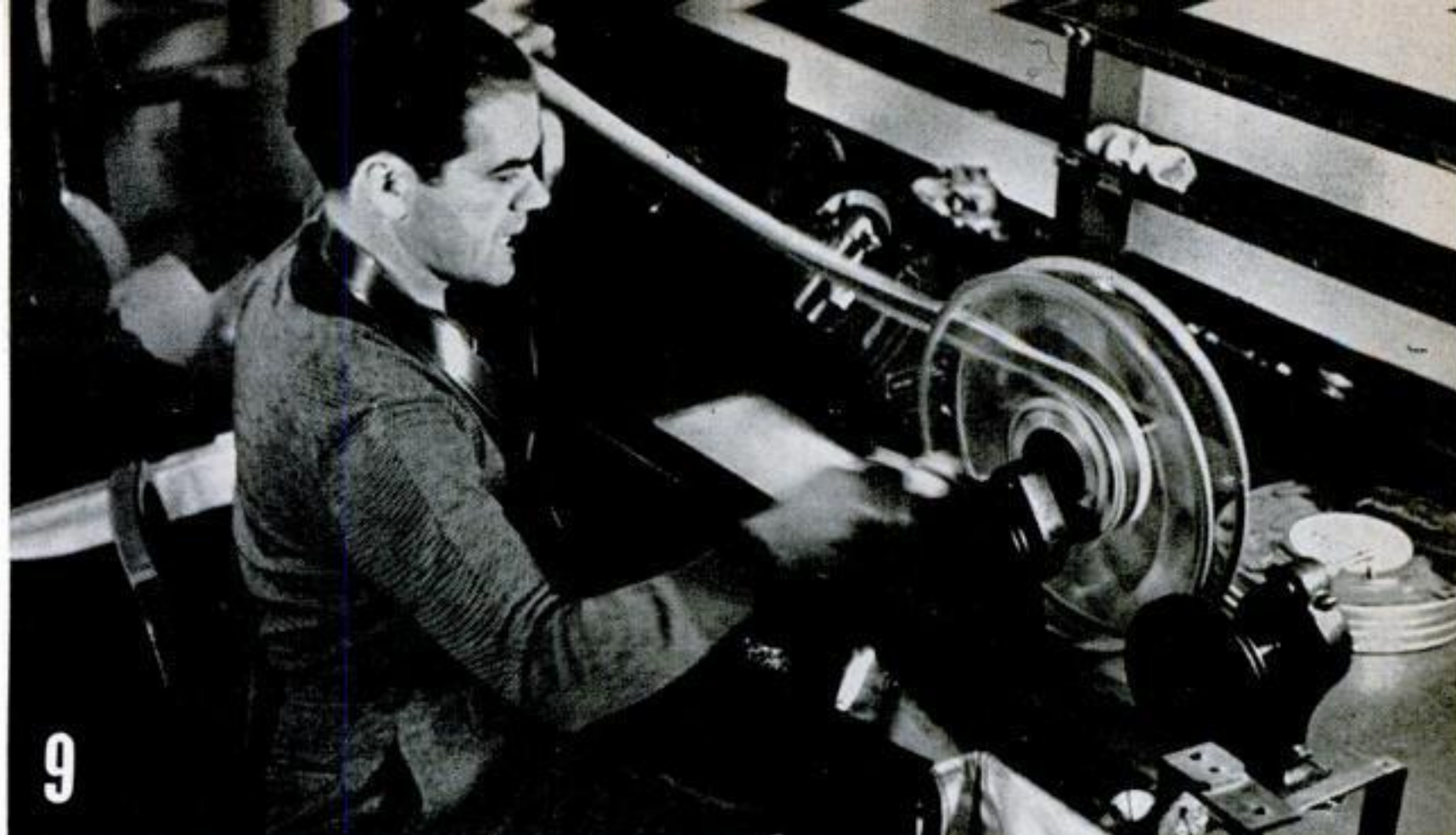
2 **Capra discusses** the story at a studio luncheon. Robert Riskin has been his favorite script writer since 1931. Since Riskin has just signed a \$1,000,000 five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn, there is speculation in Hollywood as to whether Capra will follow him.



5 **Capra rehearses** his cast in an informal circle on the set before shooting his scenes. His good-humored, quiet direction has given box-office value to stars like Barbara Stanwyck and May Robson, new popularity to stars like Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.



8 **Capra cuts** a cake presented to him by the cast of *You Can't Take It With You* on his 41st birthday, May 18. Capra always makes his cast feel that their work with him is a partnership. "On a Capra set," says Gary Cooper, "you'd never pick Frank as the director."



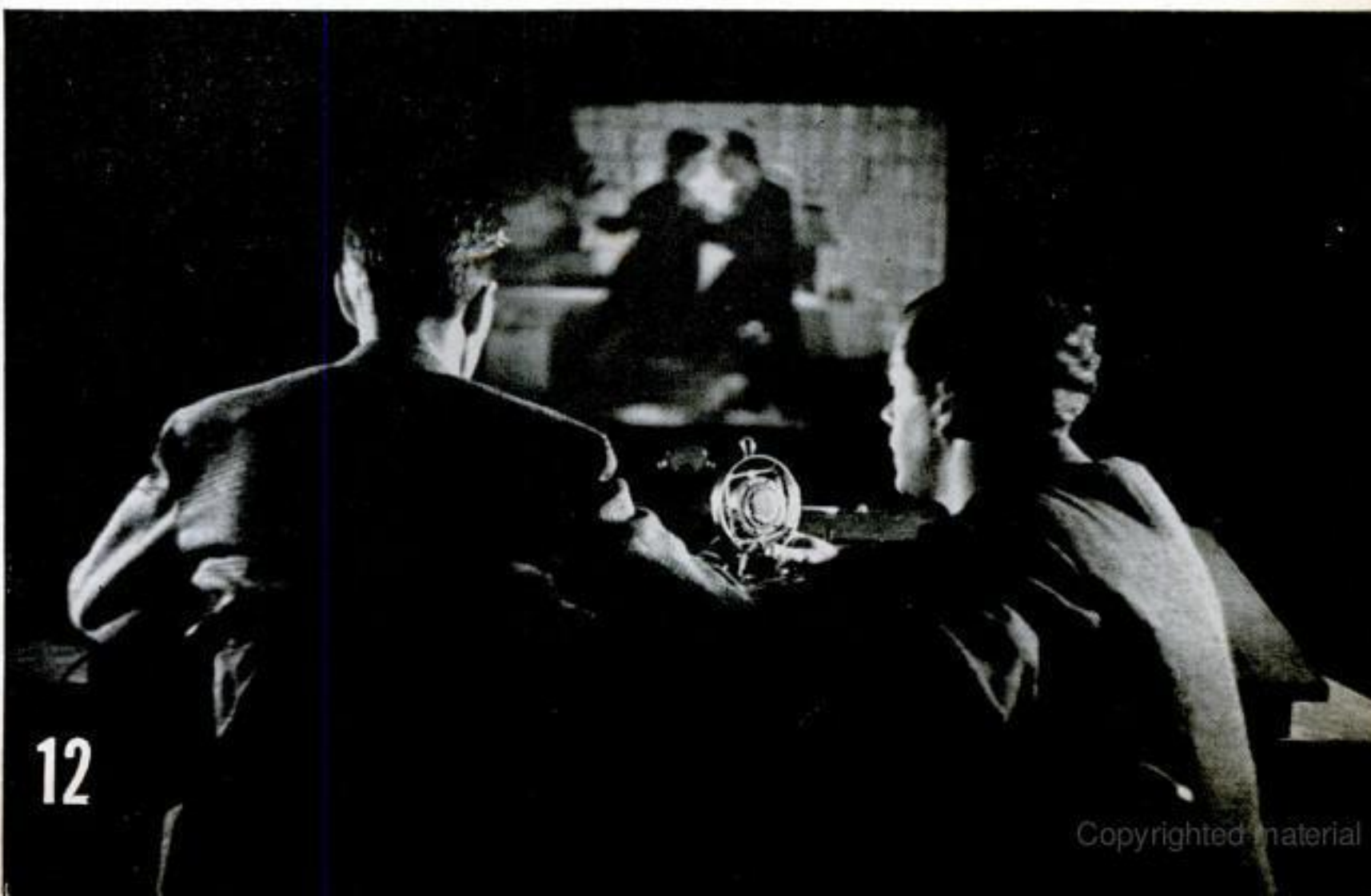
9 **Capra edits** and cuts his own film. He remembers every scene so precisely that he can tell how the picture should be put together without seeing the film. Capra pictures rarely require elaborate "re-takes" of sequences when they go to editing room for final revisions.

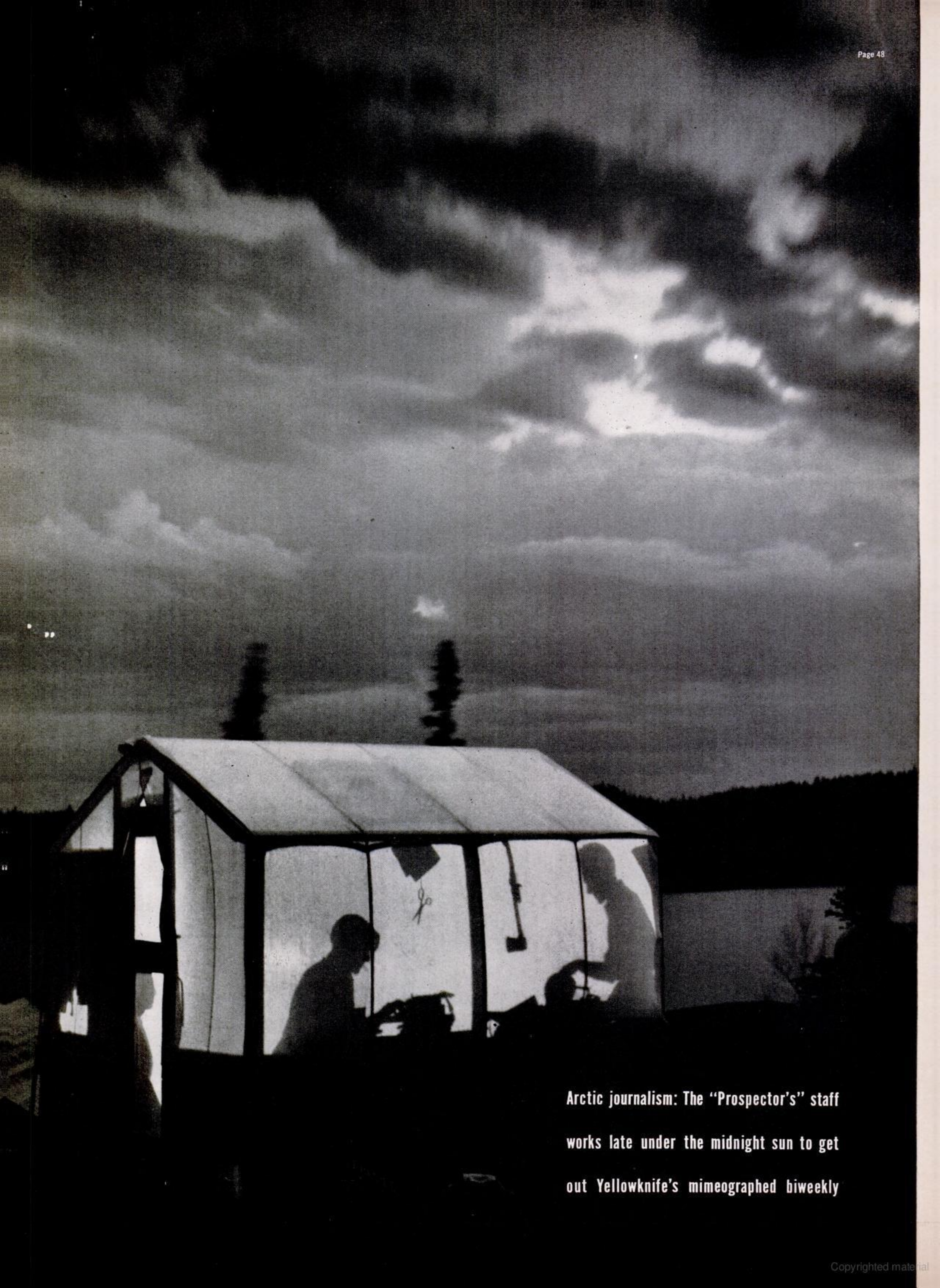


10 **Capra views** his shots through a "Moviola," a small machine that enables him to run the film through fast or slow and magnifies it so that he can see each movement clearly. He does this only when he does not approve of shots which are run off in the projection room.



11 **Capra watches** the "rushes" of previous day's work in the projection room of the Columbia studios. This is where music and sound effects are dubbed in. When directing, Capra works from 8:30 a.m. to 7:45 p.m. When cutting and editing he works from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.





Arctic journalism: The "Prospector's" staff
works late under the midnight sun to get
out Yellowknife's mimeographed biweekly

GOLD

GREATEST BOOM IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

BRINGS A RUSH TO CANADA'S NORTHWEST



The world is living today in the midst of the greatest gold boom it has ever known. Since 1932, more gold has been taken from the earth than has been taken in any other half-dozen years in history. The cause is nothing romantic like the chance discovery of a nugget in a California millstream or panning of rich gravel in the Klondike. The cause lies in the uninspiring manipulations of international currencies. In 1932 gold was worth \$20 an ounce. Today, after devaluation, it is worth \$35 an ounce. This makes gold mining far more profitable than ever before. Operators have started mining low-grade ore and sent prospectors out into regions they had always thought too unpromising or inaccessible.

Such a far-off place is the town of Yellowknife, a jumble of wood houses and tents sprawled deep in the desolate "bush" of Canada's Northwest Territories, 200 miles south of the Arctic Circle and almost due north of Salt Lake City. To this sub-Arctic town, the secretive agents of mining interests of U. S., Britain, France, Holland, Germany

have been flying all summer to stake gold claims. Miners knew years ago that there was gold around Yellowknife but it was too remote. In September 1936 an English prospector named Payne, grubstaked by two Americans, staked a claim two miles from Yellowknife. Last year Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co., one of Canada's most important mining companies, paid \$500,000 for a 60% interest in the Payne claim. The biggest gold rush on the continent focused on Yellowknife.

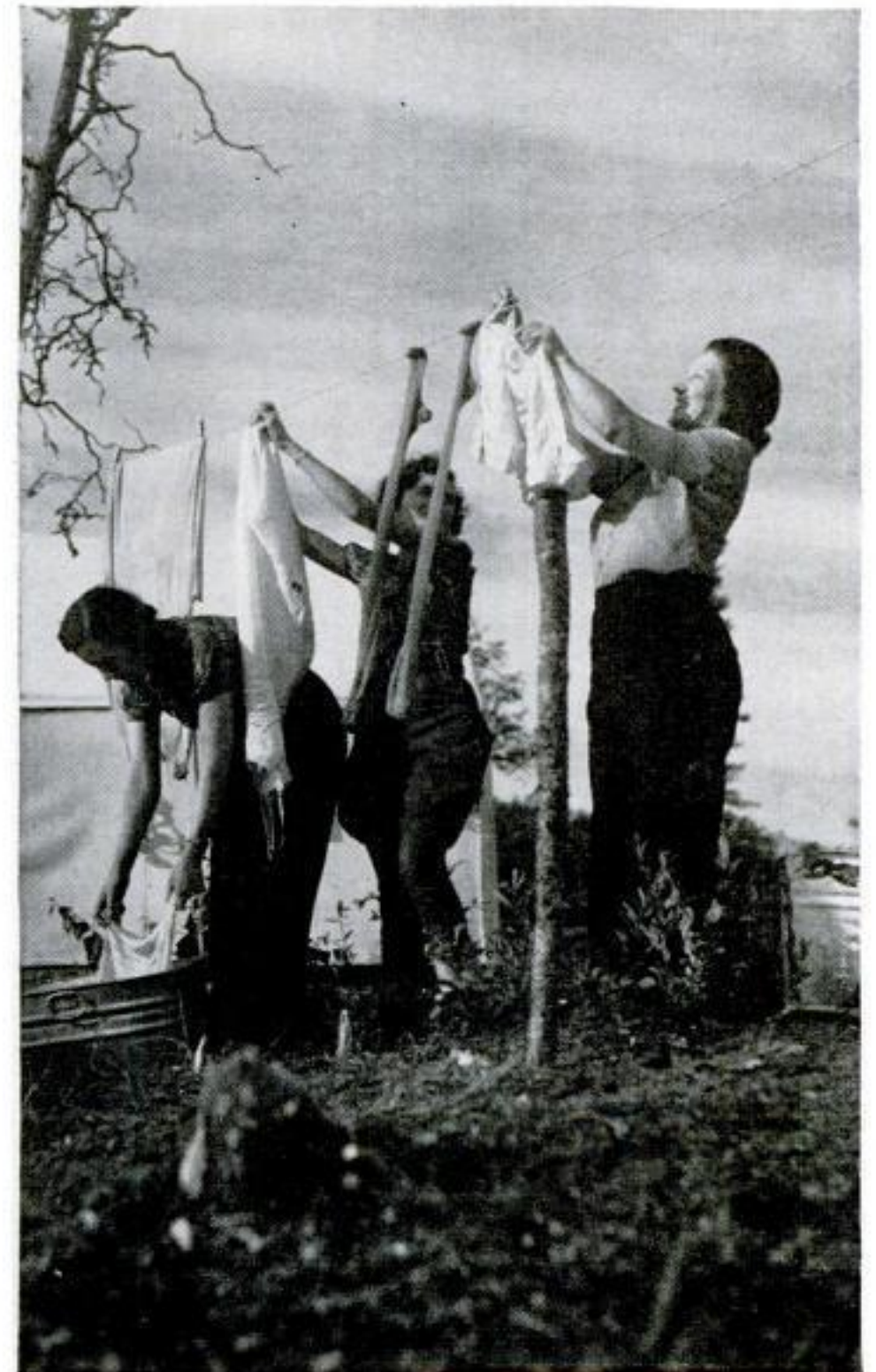
Before this, Yellowknife had been no more than a huddled way station on the air route to Radium City, then the excited center of new gold and radium strikes. Now the boom and the prospectors have deserted Radium City, have settled on Yellowknife bringing its population quickly up to 800. During the brief summer months, life seems good in Yellowknife. There are pretty, pleasant, decent women in town. Work and fun goes on in the balmy outdoors. There is a pervading air of camping out, which makes the hard, uncertain life of prospecting seem a sort of roughing-it vacation, with pay or profit to boot.



The water supply in Yellowknife is right out where anyone can get it. In winter, however, ice must be chopped away.



Society in Yellowknife includes the local laundress and her daughter who dresses up in sailor clothes on Sundays.



The week's wash is all done out-of-doors. Ladies' fashions are functional, pants and shirts being always in style.

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BOOMING YELLOWKNIFE OFFERS MANY MODERN CONVENIENCES

As a typical boom town and an outpost of a new frontier, Yellowknife would be a grievous disappointment to Robert W. Service, bard of the old gold rushes. So far, no Dan McGrew has been shot in Yellowknife, no lady known as Lou has disrupted night life.

Life there is rough, lusty and loud but it is also businesslike. The prospector doesn't have to mush in by dog sled. He can fly in by airplane. Often enough he is a specialist, hired by a big mining company. At Yellowknife, he finds conveniences—a bank, a bakery, a dry cleaner, a hot spot called Cafe Wildcat and a jeweler to fix his broken watch. A dance hall is going up, a movie palace is planned and there is civic agitation for a public school. A hotel room costs only \$2, a meal can be bought anywhere for \$1, a haircut costs 75¢. Whisky is \$12 a bottle but drinking is nevertheless hearty. Social life is gay, democratic and intense. Any time anyone arrives or departs someone else seizes the occasion as an excuse for a party.

But despite this easy friendship, the air of greedy secretiveness that hangs over any gold-rush town hangs heavily over Yellowknife—the furtive suspicion that even your best friend is always trying to find out where you expect to make your big strike.



Planning a house is as much fun in rough Yellowknife, where log-cabin architecture prevails, as it is in any cosy U. S. suburb.



The laundry business does very well. Watt's is the newer of Yellowknife's two laundries but it finds plenty of shirts to wash.

Camping out in the bush: prospectors at dinner



The dentist is Dr. Dodds of Edmonton, Alberta, who spends the summer flying around the Northwest with his equipment. To fill teeth, he uses gold his prospector-patients bring him.



The barber at Yellowknife bought the business and the big chair from the town's original barber who turned prospector. Business is only fair, as most of the miners shave each other.



The chores of boom-town living are no hardship to this lady who is the enterprising owner of a prospering lunch counter.



Major sporting event in any mining town is boxing. Mounted Police permit bouts in Yellowknife, on condition that no knockouts occur. Admission is \$1.



Housebuilding booms in a desperate rush to replace tents with log cabins before cold winter closes in.



The baker, a frustrated prospector, bakes 150 loaves a day in an oven made of a 46-gallon oil drum. He charges 35¢ a loaf.



The cobbler frequently forgets to stick to his last, sneaks off into the bush to prospect. Everyone in Yellowknife has the gold fever.



The bank, a branch of Canada's third largest banking chain, is on the main street facing the lake where the planes land.

A PROSPECTOR STAKES A CLAIM

Having found a 40-acre plot he thinks promising, a prospector chops short a tree at each corner, splits it into a post (left), marks his claim on it. He must record his claim, work it 30 days during the next three months and at least 40 days a year for five years before the government will sell it to him.



HE TAKES SAMPLES FOR ASSAY

The man at left looks like an Egyptologist examining a scarab but he is actually a prospector out in the Yellowknife bush, peering at a rock that he has chipped from a claim to get samples for assay. The veil (below) is essential bush costume, protection against teeming hordes of mosquitoes, flies.



DRILLERS GET MORE SAMPLES

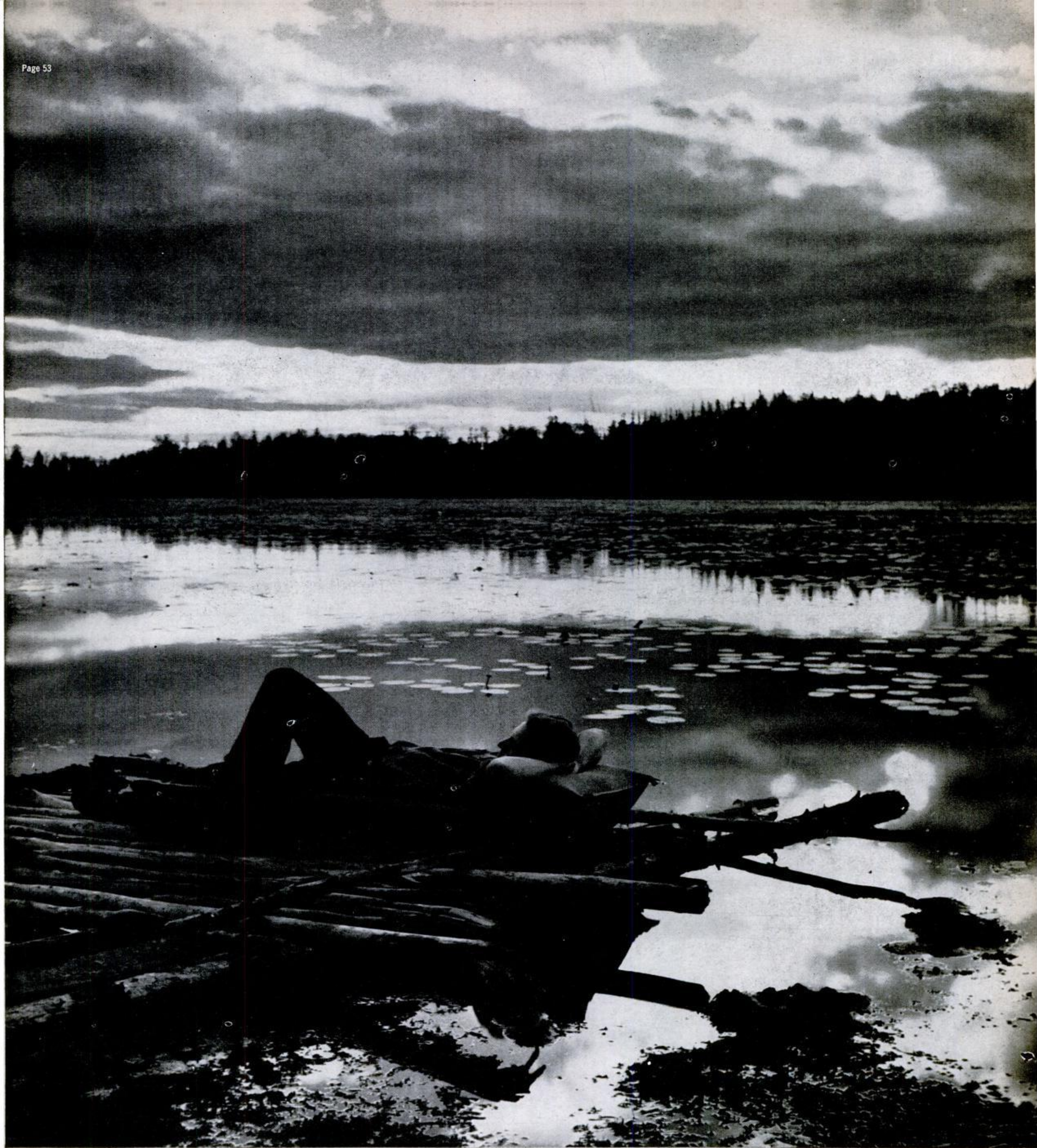
If the assay looks good, next step may be to take more comprehensive samples by drilling into the lode. Neatly lined up below and being examined minutely at left are cores of rock brought up by the diamond drill. Most of the ore around Yellowknife is low-grade, profitably worked only by big-scale mining.



THEN THE MINER COMES IN

The mining of gold is only just now assuming commercial proportions in Yellowknife. On Sept. 5, the first gold brick, a \$28,000 block of metal, was poured off at the Consolidated mine. Until then, the ore had usually been melted down into little cubes like those at left, used only in laboratory tests.



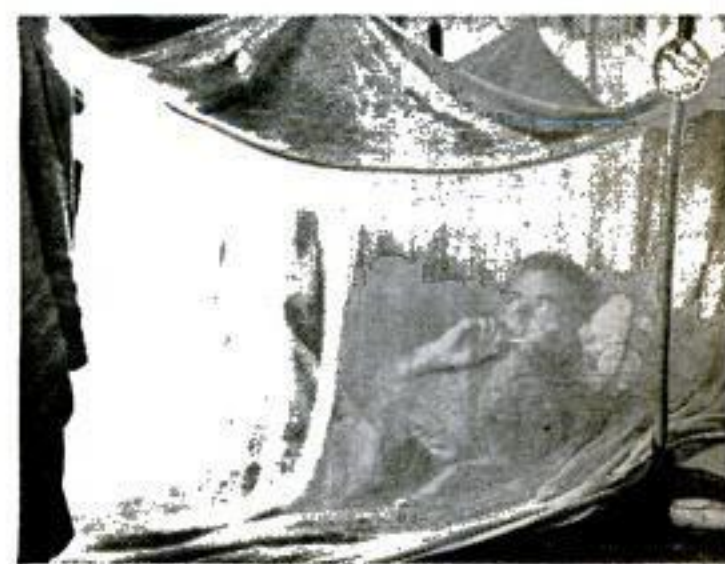


**THE MIDNIGHT SUN HANGS
DAY AND NIGHT OVER THE
PROSPECTOR IN THE BUSH**

Up in the Northwest Territories, the land is a wilderness of stubby trees and tangled shrubs called the "bush." The bush is dotted with lakes, some huge like Great Slave Lake on which Yellowknife lies, others small like the lily-padded pond which makes such a pretty picture above. To bush prospectors, the lakes are invaluable landing places for the planes they use to explore new fields.

The prospector above is not taking a lazy

afternoon nap. He is getting a good night's sleep. The time is actually 11:30 p.m. but the midnight sun has not gone down. In Yellowknife, the unending summer daylight disrupts all routine, results in a general lack of sleep. But out in the bush, hard-working prospectors need their rest. Most of them barricade themselves with netting (*right*) but the hardy fellow above has put his trust in smelly oil to keep hard-biting bugs away.



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GOLD (continued)

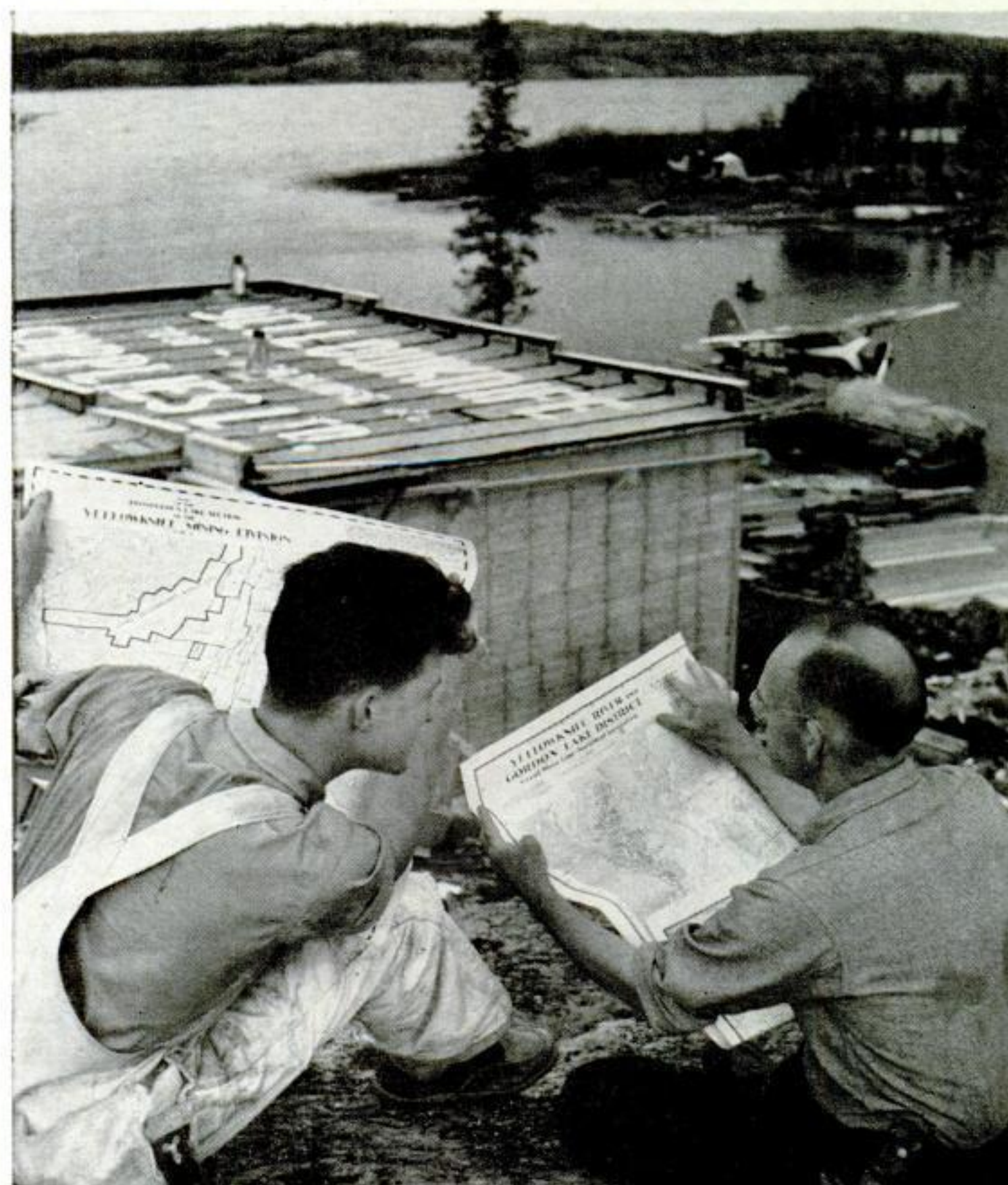
FINANCIERS FOLLOW PROSPECTORS IN GOLD RUSH TO YELLOWKNIFE



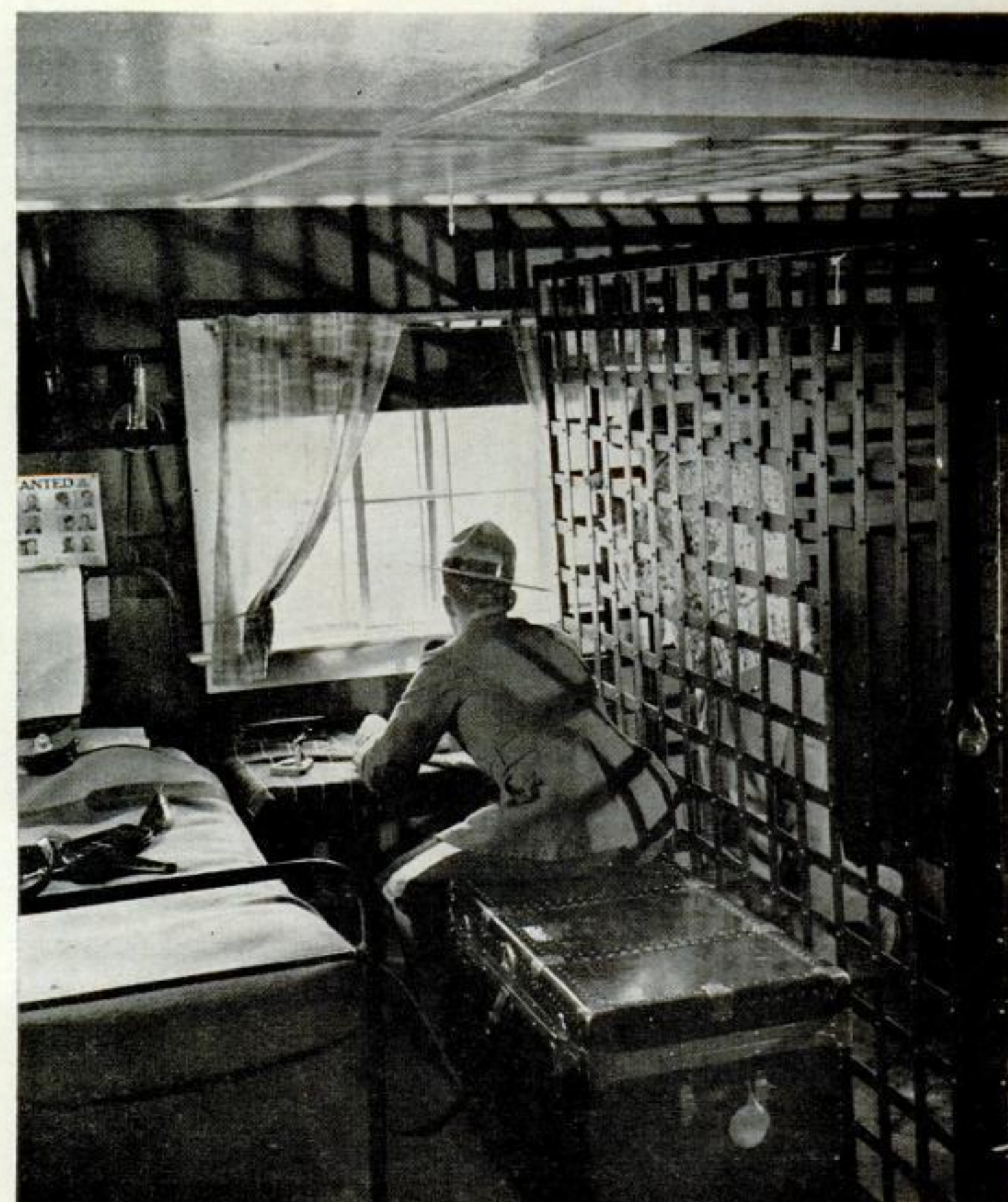
Out in the bush, a surface worker totes provisions from lake, where his plane landed, to camp. He works for Consolidated Mining & Smelting, Yellowknife's biggest mining company which owns five planes, keeps prospecting parties out in the field from June through September



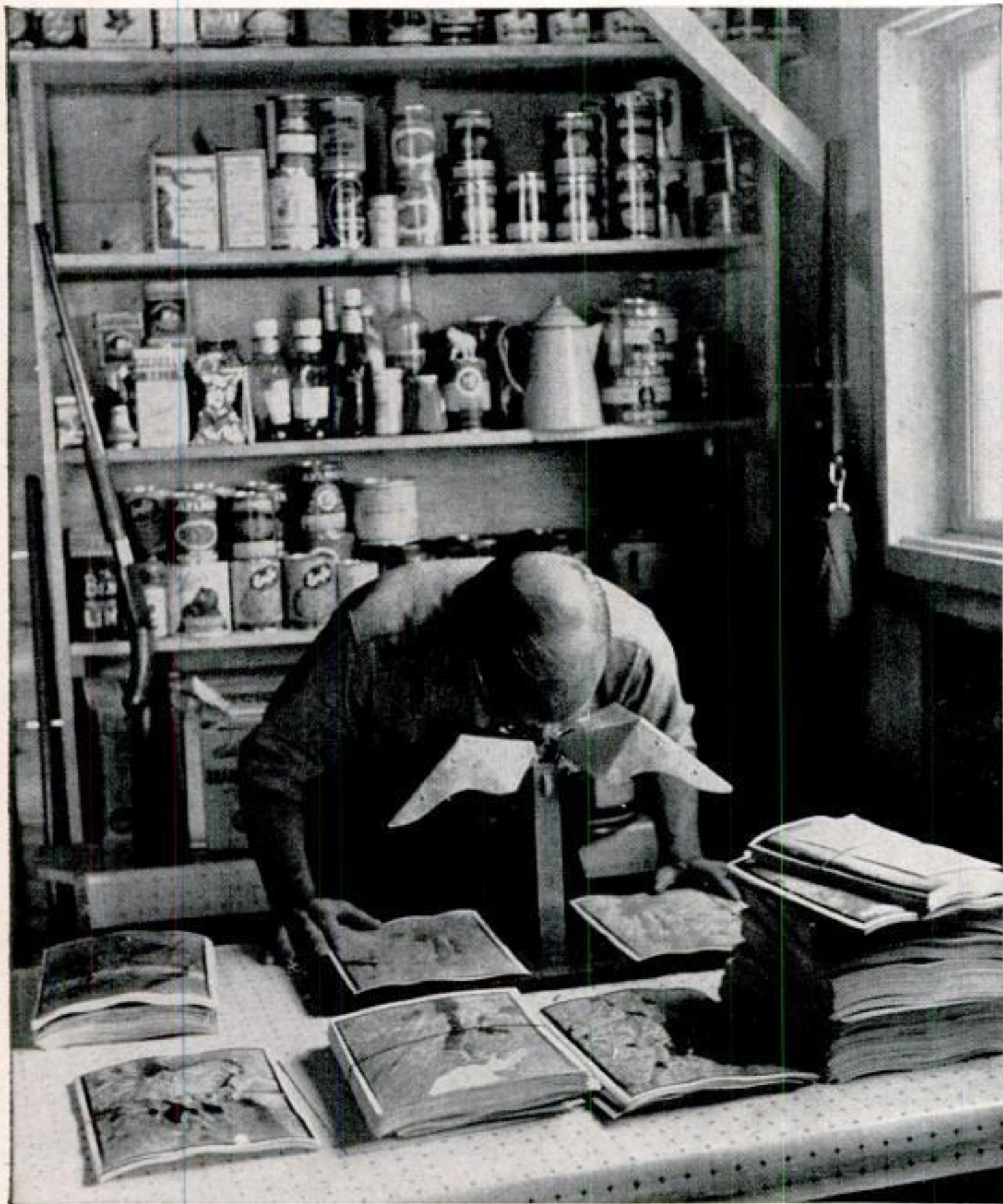
Two famous visitors to Yellowknife in August were Mitchell Hepburn, premier of Ontario, and Bernard E. "Sell 'em Ben" Smith (left), New York capitalist who can usually be found wherever gold is being found. Smith is interested in gold mining at Yellowknife.



Plans for prospecting are carefully laid by Myles Flynn (right). Below him lies the plane landing. Yellowknife has regular daily plane service from Edmonton, six flying hours away. A round trip costs \$175. For prospectors flying into the bush, the rates are 60¢ a mile.



Mounties keep law and order in Yellowknife but have very little trouble. Most common criminals are Indians who steal gasoline. As punishment, they must sleep in jail, chop wood for the Mounties. Yellowknife's jail isn't built yet. This one is at Port Radium.

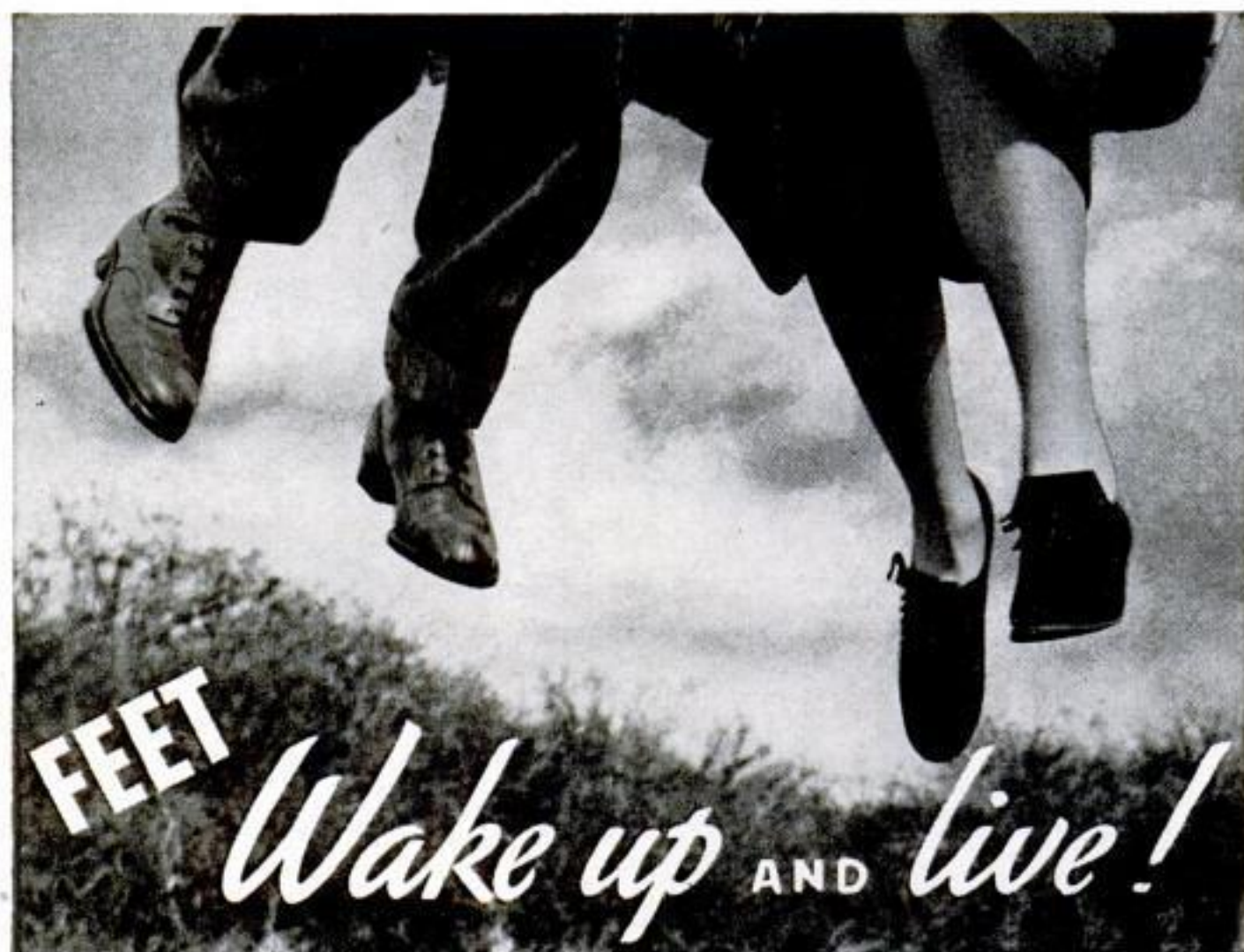


Company headquarters of the Chan Yellowknife Gold Mines Ltd. looks more like a grocery than a mining office because big stocks of food are always on hand. Here President Flynn views aerial photographs through a stereoscope to get a three-dimensional look at the land.



Yellowknife taxis are rowboats which ferry passengers from mainland to islands. This is owned by the lady. At right is the prettiest girl in Yellowknife, Mrs. Lilian MacDermitt who came as a waitress last spring, quit in summer to marry the caretaker of a gold camp.





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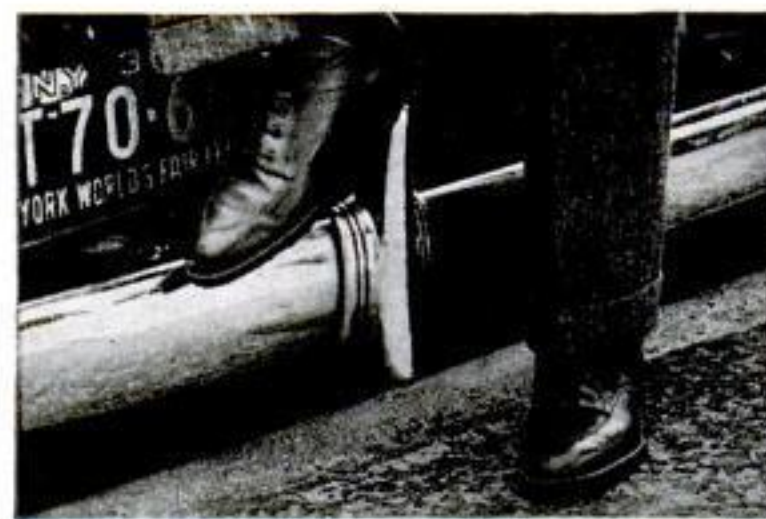


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"Active country life is no bed of roses for feet. That's why I switched to *Walk-Fitted* Bostonians."



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Bostonians

FIT AND FEEL RIGHT .. they're *Walk-Fitted*

FARLEY AND THE FUTURE (continued from p. 26)

lationship between Jim Farley and the President resembles that between shogun and Mikado in ancient Japan. Like the Mikados, the President is sacred, distant and deified. But like the shoguns, Jim Farley commands the troops. That is why the two old friends must settle their Party's future between them. Neither can do it alone.

Just to complicate matters, they are now involved in a strange political version of the eternal triangle. Jim Farley is the old love. Harry Hopkins, Tom Corcoran and the other White House advisers personify the new love. And the President, in the best triangle tradition, wavers indecisively between. The cause of triangular tension is the obvious one—the future of the Democratic Party, and the kind of candidate it is to choose in 1940.



FARLEY AT BREAKFAST

Corcoran and Hopkins, the closest Presidential advisers on general policy, are left-liberal intellectuals. They would destroy the Democracy's ancient, often corrupt and always conservative organizations, mobilize labor and the farmers, and rebuild the Party as a permanent popular front. They preach the purge and what they call "the politics of principle," and they count

on a left-liberal's being nominated two years hence. Mention of these radical New Dealers and their political objectives is likely to start Jim Farley hammering his desk and declaiming, "They don't know; they don't know; why, they couldn't get one delegate to a national convention!"

The mere thought of destroying a single Democratic organization is painful to Jim, the organizations' great man. He would keep the Party the same old loose alliance of local satrapies, in which Tom Pendergast, ruling among the brothels of Kansas City, or Mayor Hague, shadow-boxing with Communism, are far more at home than Tom Corcoran. No purger, Farley wants the prize of 1940 to go to a middle-of-the-road Democrat, who will play ball with "the boys."

This split, between the Farleys and the Corcorans, the Party men and the New Dealers, has always existed in the Roosevelt following. Last winter, when the President himself decided to rebuild his Party, it became serious. In these last months of purging, there have been strange signs and portents which show what lies behind the scenes.

The first occurred when the White House crowd put forward Robert Jackson, the able attractive Solicitor General, as their candidate for the New York Governorship. The New Dealers are notoriously destitute of available 1940 candidates. With the President's support, they hoped to build Bob Jackson, their best public personality, up to the availability point. They immediately ran head on into Jim Farley. He did nothing to hinder them, beyond laughing at their efforts. But he did nothing to help them either. Considering the New York bosses' distaste for such a man as Jackson, Farley's inaction was tantamount to a knife in Jackson's back. Early in the proceedings, Corcoran went to Farley, told him the President wanted Jackson made Governor, and had it out with him. By authentic report, the conversation went as follows:

CORCORAN: Those are my orders, Jim. What are you going to do about them?

FARLEY: They're *your* orders. *You* carry them out.

Then in Florida, when the White House crowd wished to

help the logorrheic Claude Pepper, Farley predicted ex-Governor Dave Sholtz would win the Senatorship, and opposed interference. In Oregon, where the White House backed Henry L. Hess for the Governorship, Farley openly sided with labor-baiting Charles H. Martin. In Iowa, Farley frankly deplored the New Dealers' foray against Senator Guy M. Gillette, and counseled Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace to keep out of the fight. And when these haphazard ventures shaped up into a general purge, Farley visited the lobbies of the Senate, and in the presence of such White House enemies as Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, let it be known he feared and disliked the whole project. In every purge primary except Maryland's, where he has a personal grudge against Senator Millard E. Tydings, he was friendly to the purgee. Even in Kentucky, such sympathies as he expressed were for the ebullient "Happy" Chandler.

And then Farley has been keeping queer company. Conservative Democrats have warmed to him lately, and he has seen much of them. On his expedition to Alaska this summer, he stopped in Montana for a day or so. But it was not the copper millionaire's chateau of New Deal Senator James Murray, nor the Butte house of New Deal Representative Jerry J. O'Connell which sheltered Farley. It was the summer camp of shrewd, troublemaking Burt Wheeler, whom the President detests as he detests few others. While Jerry O'Connell, at the urging of the White House advisers, was attempting to prepare Wheeler's defeat in 1940, Jim Farley was privately telling Montana Democrats, "You've got a fine Party out here, but you ought to stop squabbling and get behind your natural leader, Burt Wheeler."

Jim Farley is also the particular friend of the man who gives the New Dealers the coldest shivers, Jack Garner. Every week or so during the last session of Congress, Farley and Garner lunched cosily in the Vice President's Capitol hide-away. During their lunches and their frequent telephone chats, Garner spoke his mind on such controversial topics as spending and labor policy. And Farley was not above listening closely and adding a word or two of his own.



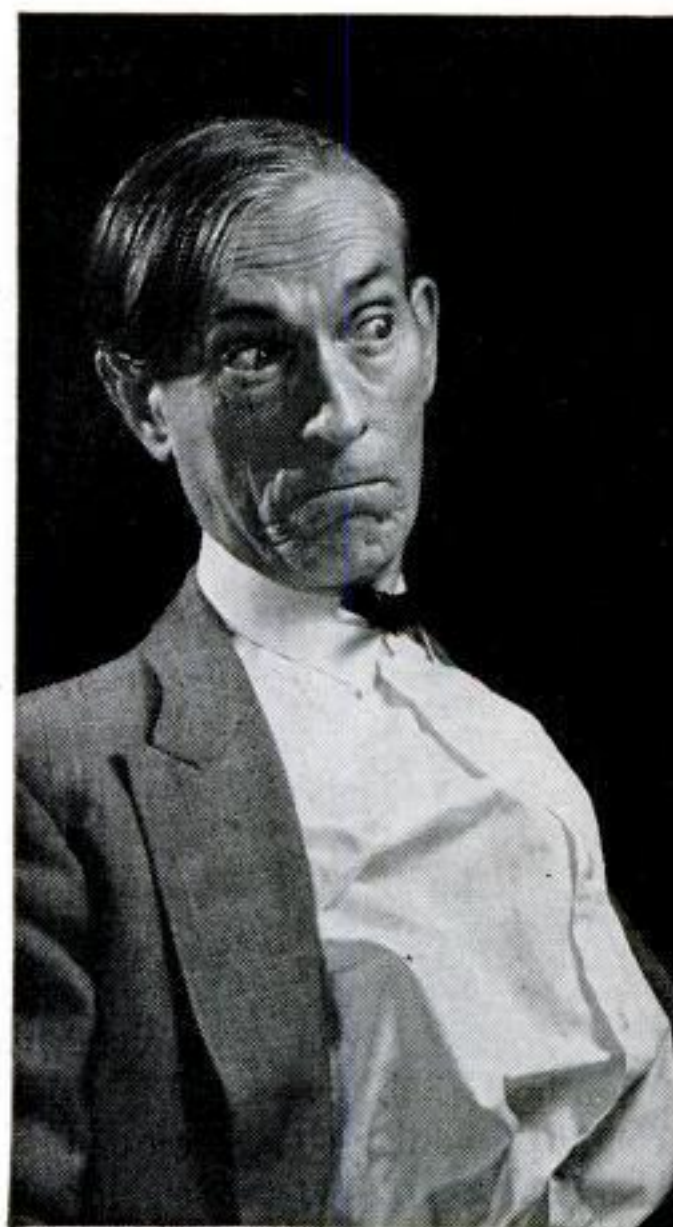
FARLEY AT BANQUET

On the surface, all these signs would indicate that Jim Farley is already preparing to make a middle-of-the-roader the 1940 nominee. Perhaps that nominee might be himself. Undoubtedly the notion of Farley-for-President has crossed his mind. Very likely he has talked middle-of-the-road candidates with his intimates among the Party bosses. But that is very different from the active disloyalty to the President with which Farley's enemies now charge him. The best comment on this ugly charge was the President's own announcement, after a day-long talk with his old friend at Hyde Park, that he and Farley were "in complete agreement, as usual."

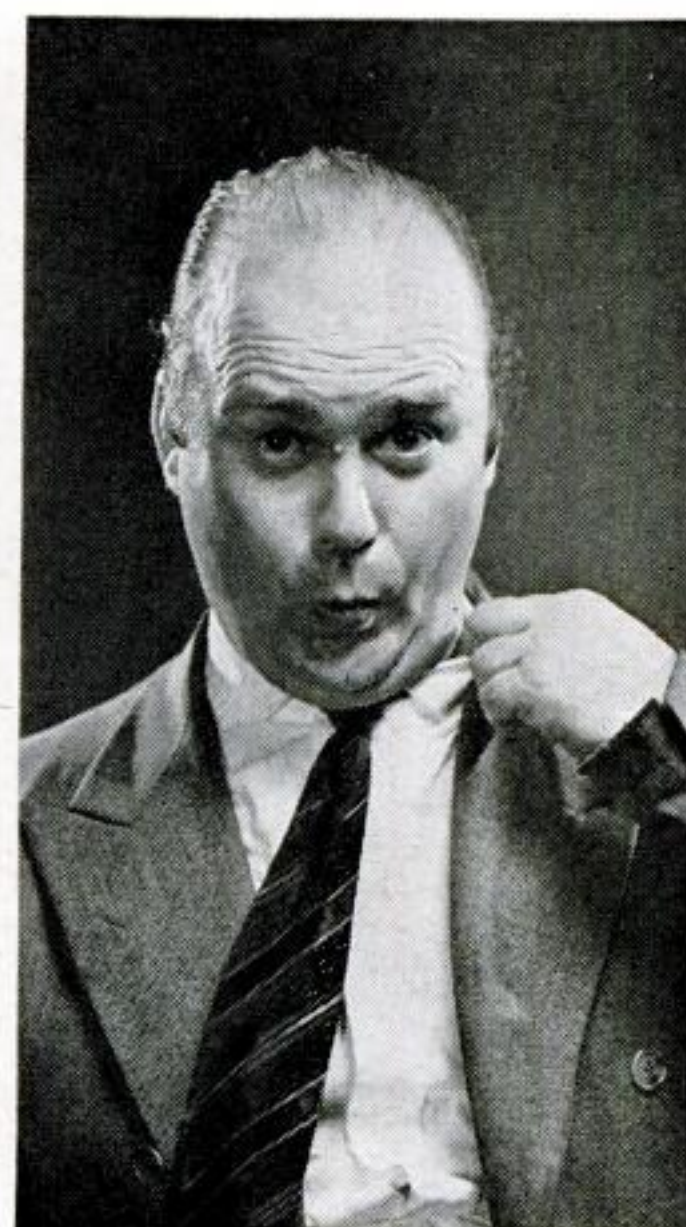
If you accept agreeing to disagree as a state of agreement, the President's announcement was the literal truth. The first thing to remember about the Roosevelt-Farley relationship is that Farley adores his boss. When he says, "Roosevelt made me, and I'm never forgetting that" he really means it. And when the President joins the Corcorans and the Hopkinses in a course Farley disapproves, Farley's attitude is that of an indulgent mother, whose son has chosen evil companions and fallen into evil ways. Like the mother absolving her son and blaming the com-

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THE REMEDY, GENTLEMEN, IS AN ARROW SHIRT!



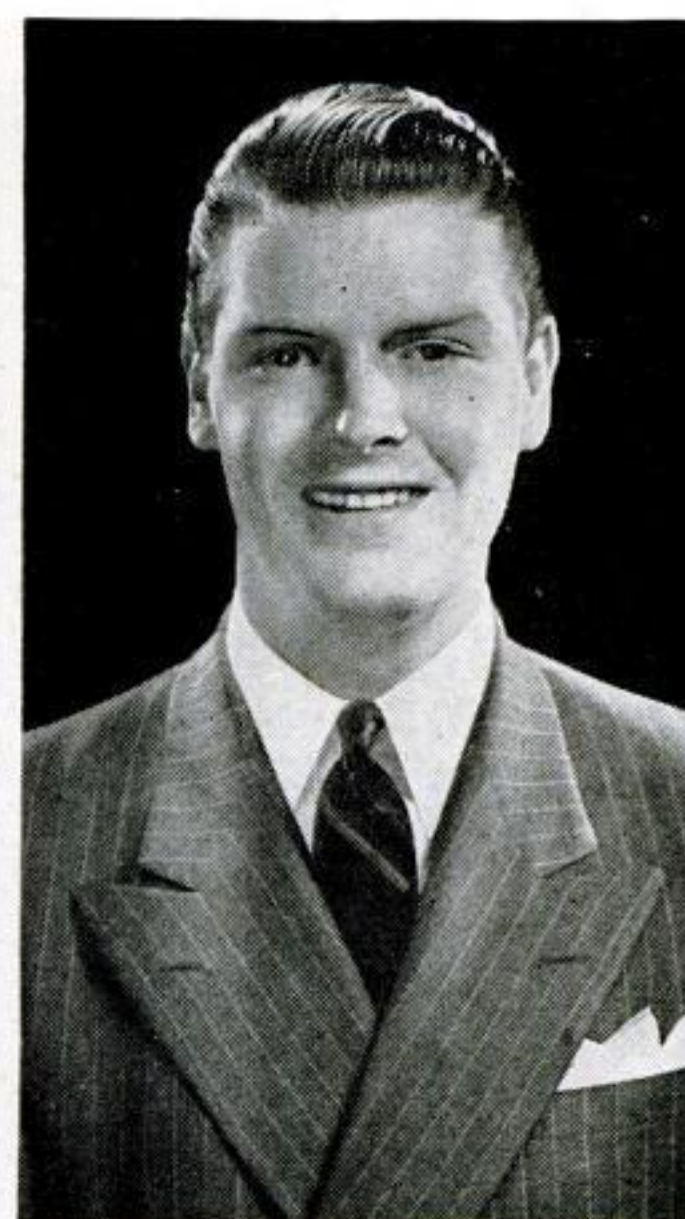
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FARLEY AND THE FUTURE (continued)

panions, Farley blames not the President but his advisers.

In his political activities Farley regards himself, and the President also regards him, as a wholly independent performer, so long as he has no direct orders. And direct orders are something the President, who loathes show-downs, very rarely gives.

The Jackson incident provides a case in point, with a prelude unknown to the New Dealers whom it so infuriated. Long before the drive for Jackson, Farley and the President discussed the New York situation. The President men-



tioned Jackson for the Governorship, Farley replied that he was unknown to the organizations, that "the boys wouldn't take him." The President did not press the matter. At the same time he asked Farley why he didn't run for Governor himself. (Until Jim sold his reminiscences to the *American* magazine for \$65,000, he was too deeply in debt to make the race.) But the Presi-

dent's dealings with Jim were not calculated to enforce support of Jackson. Nor were the President's dealings with Jim understood by the New Dealers or the Washington world.

Detailed explanations of apparent Roosevelt-Farley misunderstanding could be indefinitely multiplied. It must also be recalled that months ago, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Farley made his usual declaration that he would not interfere in Party primaries. If the regular routine were followed—and apparently it was—the President not only saw but edited the Farley declaration. To have asked Farley to interfere thereafter would have been asking him to stultify himself. Finally, the President may have hinted he would like more aid from his Postmaster General. At the time of the Iowa primary, Farley said he had to make a "Patrick Henry speech" at the White House. Yet the President is fond of playing both ends against the middle, and it is a good guess that he countenanced Farley's hold-off attitude towards the purge. While he talked "politics of principle" in his own voice, he still kept Jim Farley as his ace-in-the-hole with the offended organizations. In Georgia, Iowa, Maryland and wherever else the President and his purgers have set Democrat against Democrat, Jim can now make peace, put the ticket over in November, and, if necessary, reconcile the winners to the White House. It was, after all, Jim Farley who so adeptly staged Guy Gillette's post-primary lunch in the President's study.

So much for the present. As for the future, the President plainly wants Tom Corcoran's kind of 1940 nominee, and Jim Farley just as plainly doesn't. There is the basic divergence between them, and it is hard to see where they can find common ground.

Jim Farley and the President have already discussed possible men for 1940. The most striking feature of these conversations was Farley's warning that no one could be considered for the Presidential nomination who was not a Democrat before 1932. That ruled out Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace and Wisconsin's Senator Robert M. La Follette, both of whom once carried the Republican label. Yet the Roosevelt-Farley talks were general. There has been no showdown. And there will be no showdown if it can possibly be avoided.

Men who have seen Jim and the President in action say

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that they are too dependent on one another to allow of such a thing. They prophesy that when the time comes there will be another, more specific discussion of 1940 possibilities. The President will begin by suggesting an aggressive left-liberal. As he did when Bob Jackson was proposed for the New York Governorship, Jim Farley will reply, "I'm sorry, but the boys won't take him." And then the pair will swap names until they arrive at a compromise candidate.

The trouble with this pretty picture is that no compromise candidate would perpetuate the New Deal. Senate Majority Leader Alben W. Barkley probably comes nearest to meeting the compromise specifications. He is the lackey of the White House in the Senate, and he can also be trusted to play along with the organizations. Yet the President's advisers are convinced that, once safely in the White House, Barkley would follow the well-trodden path of Van Buren and Taft. Thus it is that a real showdown is anxiously longed for by the New Dealers. Knowing the President's extreme distaste for such brusque methods, the New Dealers hardly dare hope. But they do pray.

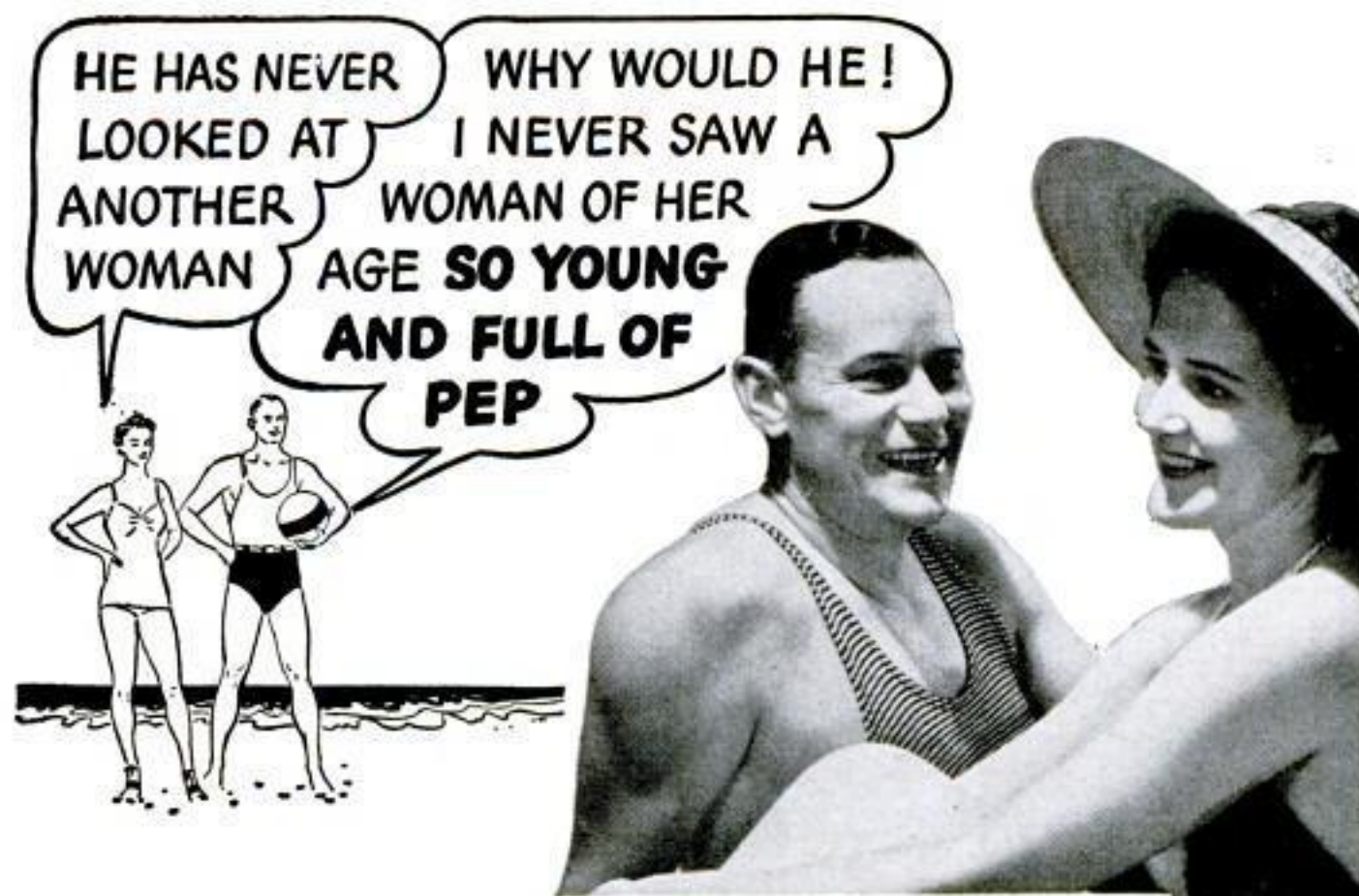
Suppose their prayers should be answered. In that event, only the Almighty could tell precisely what would happen. Apparently Jim Farley himself has no notion what his answer would be if Franklin Roosevelt called him in, handed him a slip of paper on which was the name of an extreme New Dealer and bluntly said, "I want this man made President." A daring friend once put the question directly to Farley. His only comment was to quote the adage, "The worst troubles never happen."

Whether the "worst troubles" happen or not, Jim Farley will still be kindly, genial, hard-working and decent. And he will still be an organization politician. From the moment he began to practice the "contacting art" on the citizens of Rockland County, N. Y., organization politics has been his life. He honestly believes that government by political organizations, patronage and projects included, is the best kind of government. His code is the code of the good politician: the square answer; the word, once given, always kept; the favor once done, always returned. His judgments are a politician's judgments, made by the standards of the organization, and not in terms of principles and purposes. The trouble is that while Jim is unalterably an organization man, the President unalterably isn't. And the time has now come when the interests of Jim's organizations and the President's principles are in serious conflict.

Again unless there is a successful independent uprising, the future of the Democratic Party under ordinary circumstances can lie in one of three directions: 1) The President can give in to Farley; 2) Farley can give in to the President, or 3) they can part company. There is, however, a fourth and extraordinary way out. If the President decides to run again, no Farley-Roosevelt showdown will be necessary.



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Swedish Economic Policy
Curtiss-Wright
Business-and-Government

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- Kills fleas 100% Faster
- None revive to reinfest
- Kills fleas, lice, dog ticks, stick-tites

Like the old Pulvex, this new Pulvex not only kills all the fleas but **KILLS THEM 100% FASTER**. None revive—no flea can survive Pulvex. Can be applied on single spot to kill fleas, but when dusted all over, it *also* kills lice, dog ticks, and protects against fresh reinfestation of fleas for several days. For quickness, certainty, completeness of kill, the new Pulvex is supreme. At pet, drug and department stores, 50c.

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WHEN WASHING YOUR DOG, use the remarkable Pulvex "6-Use" Dog Soap which oils, tones, grooms, deodorizes, kills fleas and cleans, all in one operation. Extra large cake, outlasting two ordinary cakes, 50c. Should you only wish to wash your dog and free him of fleas, use the regular Pulvex Flea Soap, 25c.



Life Goes Grouse Shooting

with the Pratts of Long Island on
Lord Tweeddale's moors in Scotland

Easily the most expensive and probably the most difficult wing shooting in the world begins each August on the misty treeless moors of Scotland and lasts until Dec. 9. The red grouse that lives on those moors is unknown in the United States. The Greenlandic *rupestris* is its nearest American cousin.

Modern grouse shooting was invented on a hot August day about 130 years ago by a Mr. Spencer Stanhope of Yorkshire who had the revolutionary idea of sitting comfortably in a sand pit while his sons drove the birds toward him. Since then Mr. Stanhope's bright idea has become a \$10,000,000 industry. Grouse moors cover one-sixth of the surface of Scotland and employ thousands of people. The renting of grouse moors to wealthy British and American sportsmen keeps some 600 landowners solvent. The traditional rent is \$5 for every brace of birds that the moor contains, a figure derived from the records of previous seasons and gamekeepers' July reports. The average rental is \$3,000 for 16 weeks of shooting. The best moors bring as high as \$20,000.

One of the four or five best grouse moors in Britain is on the property of the Marquess of Tweeddale's



YESTER HOUSE

Yester House. For the past four years His Lordship has enjoyed a little late leftover shooting by renting the opening weeks on his moor to Herbert Lee Pratt of Long Island whose millions & millions came from Standard Oil. This season Mr. Pratt has had as his guests his brother Harold; his daughters, Mrs. Pratt Van Ingen and Mrs. Pratt McLane; his cousins, Misses Phyllis and Frances Brewster; Mr. & Mrs. C. D. Barnes and Mr. & Mrs. Reeve Schley. Mr. Schley is vice president of The Chase National Bank of the City of New York.

To keep his guests comfortable Mr. Pratt paid the salaries of the following house servants: one butler, two footmen, two valets, one cook, ten maids, three chauffeurs and a servant's servant. Kilted Gamekeeper John Brown was tipped \$5 a day by each guest. Hundreds of birds were killed, but the bag was nothing to that historic Aug. 30, 1888, when Lord Walsingham, whose fancy it was to wear a cap of hedgehog skin, prickles and all, a snakeskin vest and a moleskin coat, fired 1,500 cartridges in 14 hours, killed 1,070 grouse on a Blubberhouses moor.

GROUSE BEATERS (ABOVE) ADVANCE TOWARD THE SHOOTERS IN THEIR BUTTS (BELOW)





GAMEKEEPER JOHN BROWN IN KILTS ACCOMPANIES A FIELD OF PRATTS ACROSS THE MOOR



Host Herbert Pratt (left), Gamekeeper John Brown and Harold I. Pratt negotiate a fence between grouse drives. A day's shooting generally entails seven or eight miles of walking. At right, Mr. Pratt has stopped firing as the beaters come in range. His shotgun is worth \$1,250.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

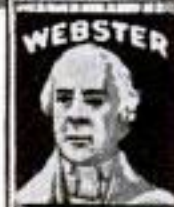


Life Goes Grouse Shooting (continued)



FINE CIGARS, TOO, ARE "SLENDERIZING"

It takes high-grade workmanship to form a slender cigar so it will be sure to burn evenly, draw freely and be uniformly mild. In the slim *Golden Wedding* shape Webster, expert custom-craft gives you a really fine choice-Havana-filler cigar that measures out its rich, mellow flavor in truly taste-captivating fashion. At the better cigar counters from Coast to Coast.



WEBSTER

GOLDEN WEDDING, 10c • CUSTOM MADE
OTHER SHAPES: PERFECTO CHICO, 10c;
QUEENS, 2 for 25c • FANCY TALES, 15c



Patience is as necessary a virtue for grouse shooting as for fishing. Here Guest Schley and his gun loader wait in butt.



Loaders earn \$2.50 a day for the ability to slip two shells into a hot gun in one second. Note extra shells in loader's fingers.



Bag is counted by braces (pairs) of birds. Keeper Brown has a year-round job supervising raising, then killing of grouse.



Mrs. Pratt McLane, the host's eldest daughter, unloads her own gun after the morning's first drive. There are six drives daily.



After a lunch of hot and cold food, Coca-Cola and beer, the guests lie down for a little rest before more shooting. From

left: Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Barnes, Mrs. Van Ingen, Mrs. Schley, Mr. Herbert L. Pratt, Mr. Harold I. Pratt with his face to the sun.



The grouse are cooked by Mrs. T. Young. They should be wrapped in bacon, broiled for 25 minutes and served on a thick slice of toast smeared with *pâté de foie gras*.



The grouse are served by a butler and two footmen in Lord Tweeddale's fine 18th Century dining room. Dinner is served at 8 p. m. sharp and everyone always dresses.



The grouse are digested after dinner in the library by Host Pratt (left), his brother Harold, Guests R. Schley and C. D. Barnes. Tomorrow's shooting starts at 9 a. m.

"LEARN TO SAY FLEISCHMANN'S" (*THAT'S THE SPIRIT*)



Some people look upon Fleischmann's Gin as a luxury because it costs a few cents more a bottle than some other gins. We think drinking is a luxury. If you are going to drink, why not drink the best? Why not pay a little more and drink a little less? Learn to say Fleischmann's...that's the spirit.



Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.
Copyright 1938, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.
Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin. 65 Proof

An eye with a Brain!

THE modern news-camera is a far-seeing and searching eye. And as used by LIFE it is an eye that *thinks* — an eye with a brain!

For LIFE has wedded pictures and words into a new kind of *pictorial journalism* — a new journalism in which pictures and words are joined together to tell a story, describe an event, or develop an essay — a new journalism in which pictures form the *text*, and words *illustrate* the pictures!

Proof that America was waiting for this new pictorial journalism is the fact that LIFE has become the most phenomenal success in all publishing history! It has made constructive information and legitimate



news so enticing that the public pays out *more of its money* for LIFE each week than for any other magazine ever printed.

For that money, LIFE'S readers get not just pictures for the pictures' sake, but an exhilarating mental stimulus. For example, even that favorite stand-by of all picture editors, the bathing girl, must have some reason beyond curves to merit a place in LIFE. She must be showing the new bathing-suit styles, cracking swim records, winning prizes for beauty beyond the ordinary, or doing something that makes sense and *news*.

Nor does LIFE make up its pages from the thousands of good news-photographs offered each week by the large picture agencies. LIFE uses these agencies. But LIFE'S most important source is its *own staff*—crack



photographers, ready to go anywhere in the world where news is being made, or about to be made, and there get exclusive picture-stories for LIFE.

These on-the-spot members of the staff have enabled LIFE to give its readers their

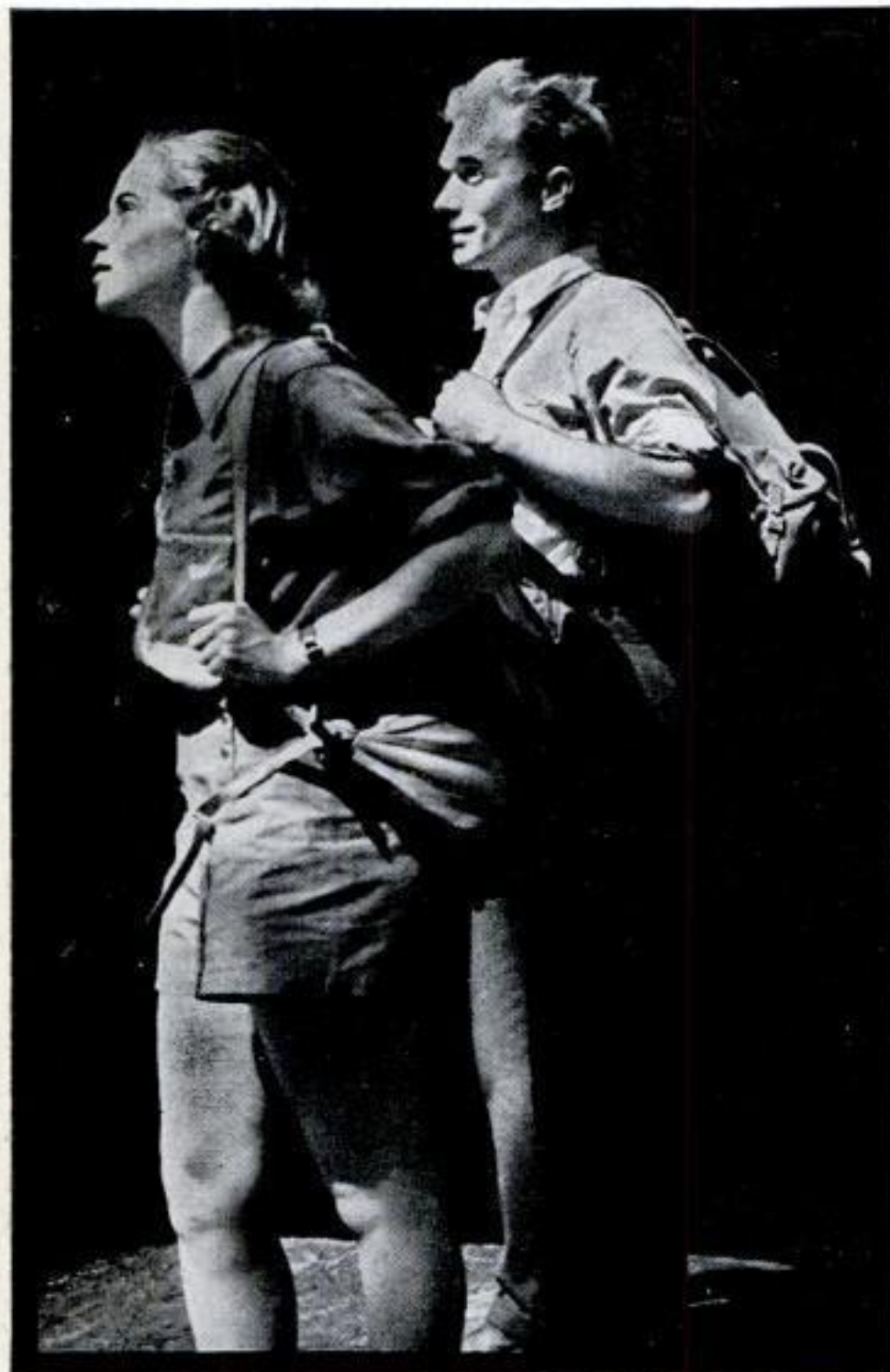
clearest account of war in China, Nazism in Austria, preparation in Czechoslovakia, tragedy in Spain.



Because LIFE, while candid, is never destructive, doors are opened to it that have heretofore been closed to the searching eye of the camera. Thus LIFE was able to attend the recent Versailles luncheon to England's

King and Queen, permitted to picture the private quarters of the U. S. Senate, taken behind the scenes into the sacred precincts of the New York Stock Exchange.

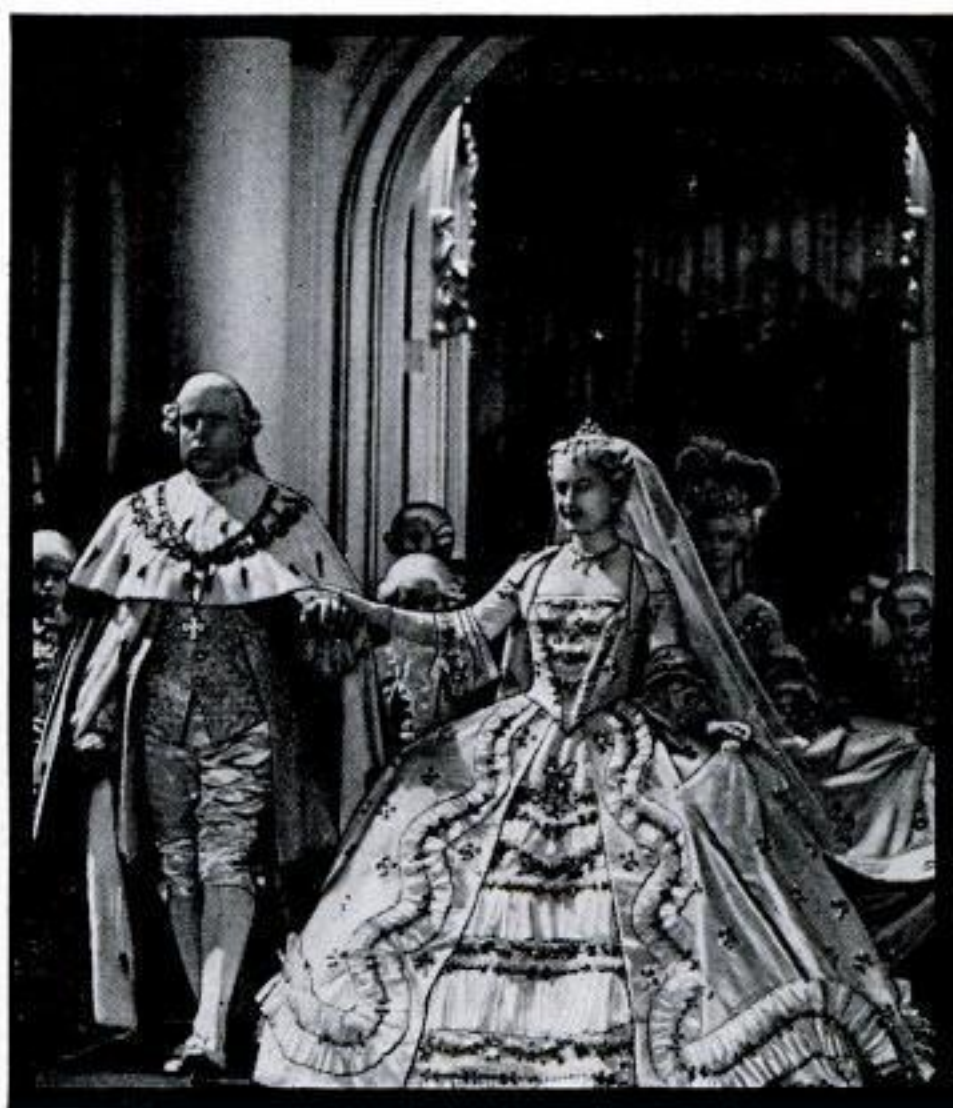
LIFE'S issue on the Youth of America was not just pictures of a lot of young people,



but a thoughtful word-and-picture essay on a great national problem.



LIFE, definitely for American business, doesn't insult readers' intelligence with indiscriminate puffery. But when Ford invested \$35,000,000 in plant expansion at a time when jobs were scarce, that was news and LIFE recorded it.



LIFE'S movie pages are not casual collections of stars' portraits or scenes from current pictures, but an intelligent summary of what competent critics consider the Picture of the Week and the legitimate Hollywood News of the Week.



LIFE explores the field of modern science, makes vital news of archaeology, cancer

research, entomology, and other subjects that until now have been considered too dry and heavy for the average reader.

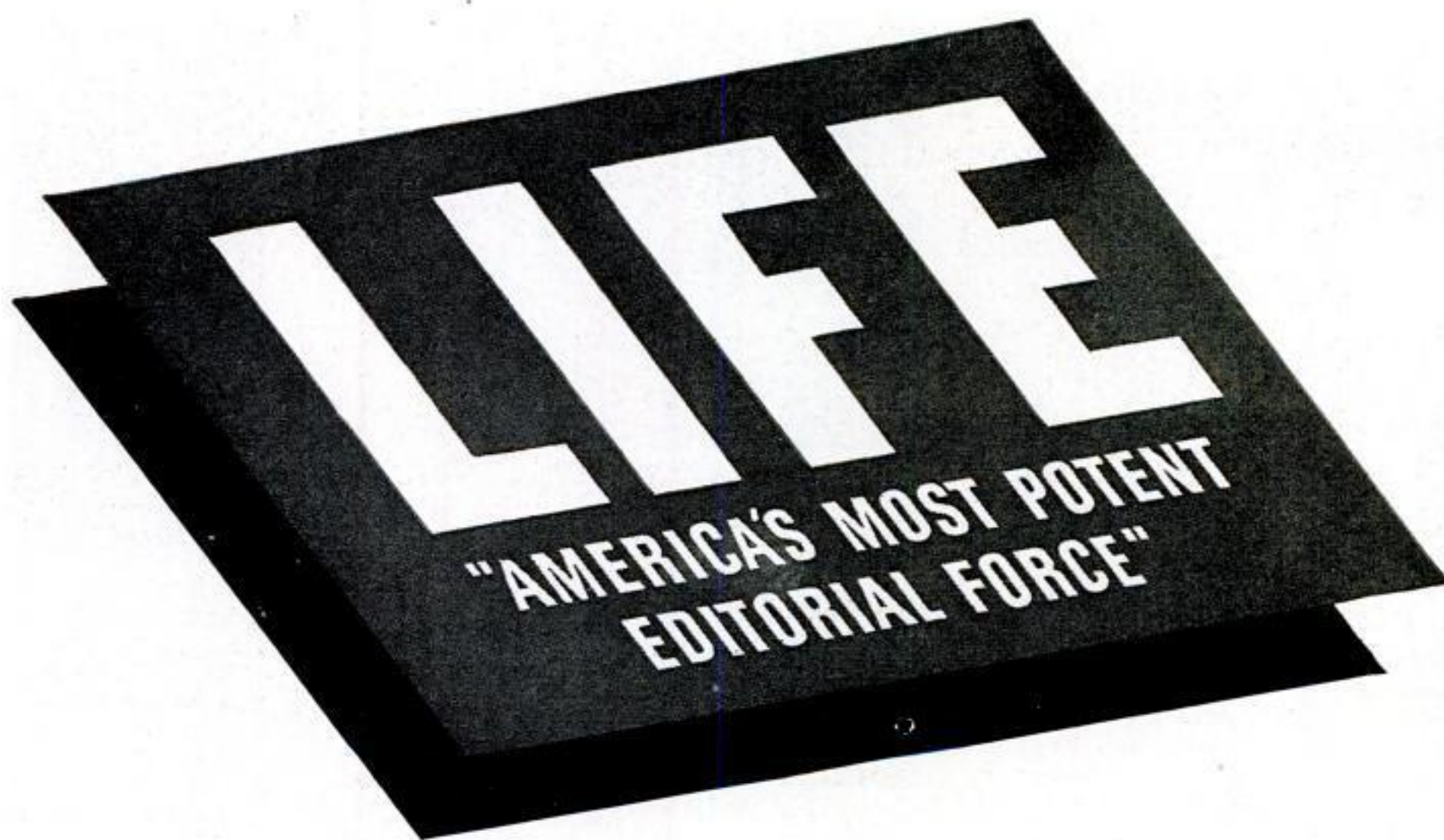
LIFE attempts not only to *record* but to *explain* trends, movements, and phenomena. Thus, anent LIFE'S recent essay on



Swing Music, one reader wrote, "I've listened to Swing, heard Swing discussed, seen its perpetrators and addicts pictured, read about it, but never really *understood* Swing until LIFE cleared it up for me."

• • • • •

From these examples and from a perusal of any issue of LIFE, it is clear that, while LIFE is a "grand show," it does not entertain only. Through its new kind of *pictorial journalism*, it is enabled to *inform in an entertaining way*. That is why LIFE, the newest editorial *idea* in America, has become the most potent editorial force in America.



Here's the big reason..

America
buys more
Hiram Walker gins
than any other
kind



Bronx Cocktails for Two

1 oz. Hiram Walker's Gin
½ oz. Italian Vermouth
½ oz. French Vermouth
Juice of ½ orange
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ice and strain into glass.



YOUR drinks never taste too weak or too strong when you use Hiram Walker gins! Here's why you are sure of uniformly smooth, perfect results: these fine gins are made by the exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniformly perfect flavor in every bottle and every case. That's the big reason America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind! Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (cont. from p. 2)

Sirs:

On behalf of the 50,000 readers of the *Polish Morning World* we desire to protest most emphatically. . . .

MAXIMILIAN F. WEGRZYNEK
Publisher

Polish Morning World
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I read two Polish dailies of opposing party lines and I was surprised they once agreed on one point. They both protested against your article on Poland. I admit gladly that I found nothing so terribly offensive against Poland. It is for its space the most complete and stimulating article on Poland that I have so far found in an American magazine. . . .

Your expression that Poland lately plays in politics the part of a jackal to the German lion, however, was evidently inspired by a fashionable sympathy for Czechoslovakia. The defenders of democracy today claim that the Republic of Czechoslovakia would perish and democracy would suffer terribly if the Czechs were forced to give to their minorities the same rights which Switzerland grants to her racial groups. But the Czechs seem to have forgotten that this is exactly what they had promised to do before they regained their independence. . . .

It is 20 years or so since I was asked to head the newly organized Christian Democratic Party together with General Haller.

REV. J. GABRIEL GROSSEK
Chaplain

St. Joseph's Hospital
West Bend, Wis.

Sirs:

I read with interest your article on Poland. Your pictures—excellent as usual—reflect in lights and shadows the country that is a thousand years old and devastated by war—glorious and poor, both.

I should like to call your attention to a number of statements that are not in conformity with facts.

1. Polish mothers are prolific but not the "most prolific in Europe." Russian mothers go one better.

2. The Poles—"a perennial famine stalks their Land of Fields." I spent several months traveling through Poland—from Gdynia to Lwow, and from Katowice to Wilno—and met all classes of people: aristocrats, scholars, erstwhile princes and peasants. The latter, constituting about two-thirds of the entire population, lack all kinds of conveniences, but they have bread, potatoes and dairy products.

3. The Poles—"they are 40% illiterate." Unfortunately it is true that there

seizing "a jackal's share of Czechoslovakia," that's a different story. Personally I am for status quo. . . .

5. The relationship of Poland to France and Germany may be variously interpreted. You have a right to your interpretation—but I do not think it is fair to say that Poland gave up or tore up Polish-French treaties for the illusory promise of German non-aggression for ten years. I have tried to get the Polish interpretation from such Poles (statesmen and others) as I have been able to meet from time to time. My conclusion of their version is this: that Poland has not given up French friendship or Franco-Polish defensive alliance but Poland does not want to be treated as a vassal of France in international policy. As to Germany, they say: "Trust in Hitler's promises but keep your powder dry."

STEPHEN P. MIZWA

New York, N. Y.

● Mr. Mizwa is the executive director of The Kosciuszko Foundation. To answer his points in order:

1) LIFE said that "Slav" mothers are the most prolific. "Slav" includes both Poles and Russians.

2) Mr. Mizwa may dispute certain details of the peasant diet but the fact remains that the Polish standard of living is the lowest in Europe.

3) LIFE overstated Polish illiteracy. Latest International Labor Office figure is 23.1%.

4) Poland's only two gestures at international adventure followed directly Germany's parallel moves. The world will be slow to believe there was no connection.

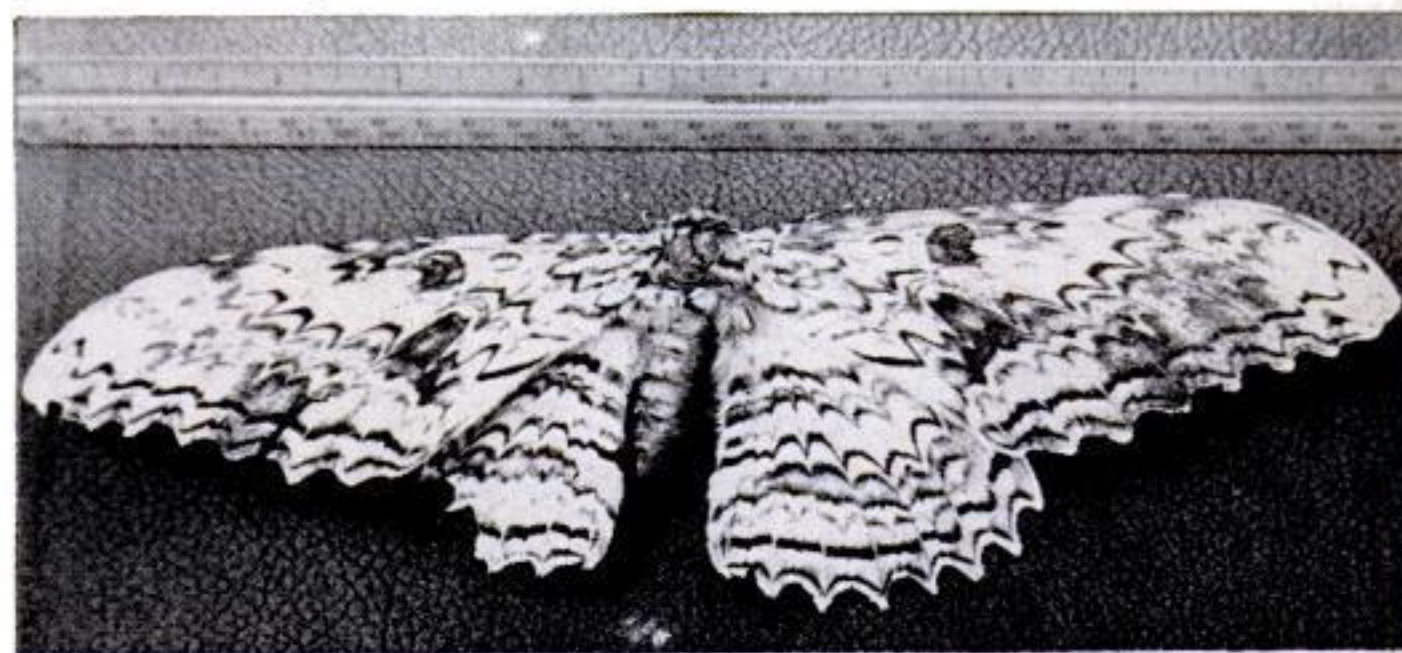
5) No doubt Poland would like to have both France and Germany for her friends. But since she does not choose to be France's vassal, few observers believe that she can count on France to be her protector—ED.

Rival Moth

Sirs:

The moth *Attacus atlas* which you pictured in LIFE, Aug. 22, as the "world's biggest moth" attains a wingspread of ten inches. This is a maximum, however. I have in my collection two species which on the average have a wingspread of more than ten inches.

The more spectacular of these is *Thysania agrippina*, obtained at high altitudes (4,000 ft.) in Panama. The wing-



is still a large percentage of illiteracy—a legacy from former Russian rule. But for Poland as a whole around 94% of children of school age (between 6 and 14) now attend school. Adult illiteracy has been reduced to something below 20%.

4. Your reference to the Polish Government as "a jackal to Germany's lion" is eminently unfair. The events proved that Poland did not try to seize Lithuania, but merely took advantage of a border incident (which occurred about the time of Austrian Anschluss) to end a state of war with Lithuania. As to

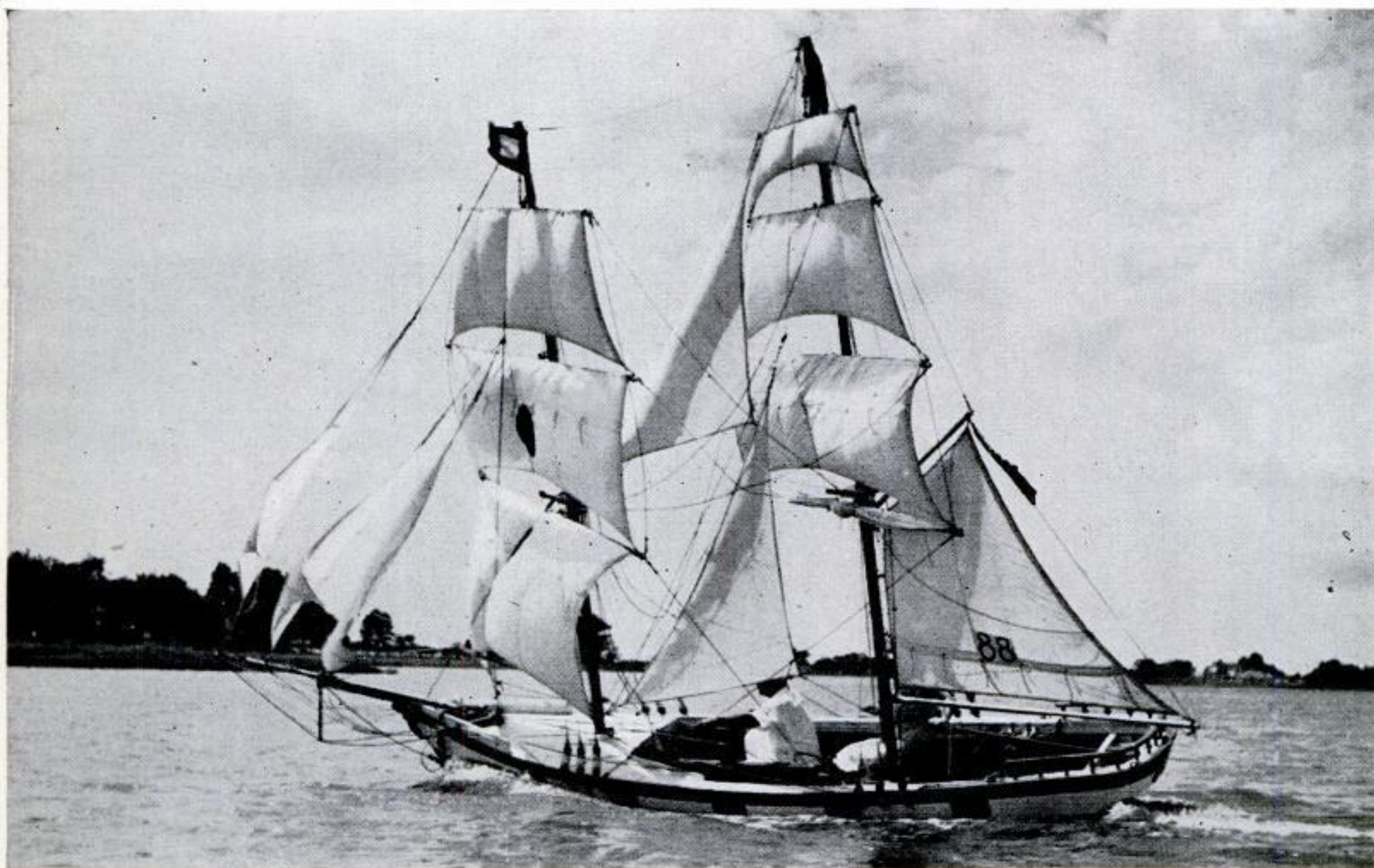
spread of my specimen, and I believe it is average, is eleven and one-half inches.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

● Quentin Roosevelt, 18-year-old son of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, is one of the most active U. S. collectors of butterflies and moths. His *Thysania agrippina* has indeed a greater wingspread than *Attacus atlas*, though its total wing area is less.—ED.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



BABY SQUARE-RIGGER

Sirs:

In your story on small sailboats (LIFE, Aug. 29) you omitted a type which, while not popular, is very picturesque and requires considerable seamanship in handling.

The 16-ft. square-rigger in the accompanying photo is the brig *Isobel III* owned by Mr. Carl M. J. von Ziehlinski of New York. I have a similar boat, the brigantine *Nippy*, and we raced this summer at the Miles River Regatta at St. Michaels, Md., the *Isobel III* carrying off the Ann McKim trophy.

"Fore-and-aft" yachtsmen will appreciate the intricacy of handling these baby clippers when it is considered that the brigantine-rigged *Isobel III* has over 40 pieces of running gear (for the benefit of landlubbers this means ropes used in setting and handling sails).

In their miniature sizes these rigs do not attain top efficiency, but to a square-rigger sailor, the work of handling these little vessels with necessarily small crews provides a thrill far in excess of that derived from the conventional fore-and-aft rigs.

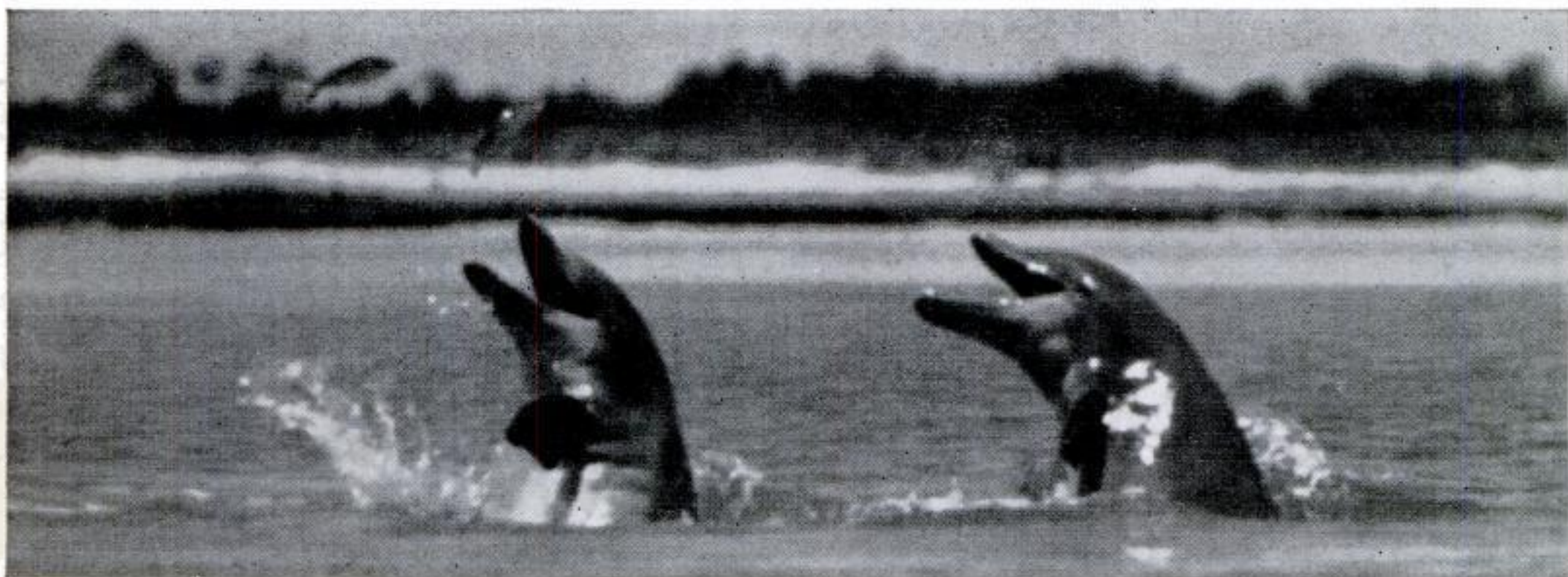
E. FRANKLIN CARTER
Baltimore, Md.

PORPOISES FEEDING

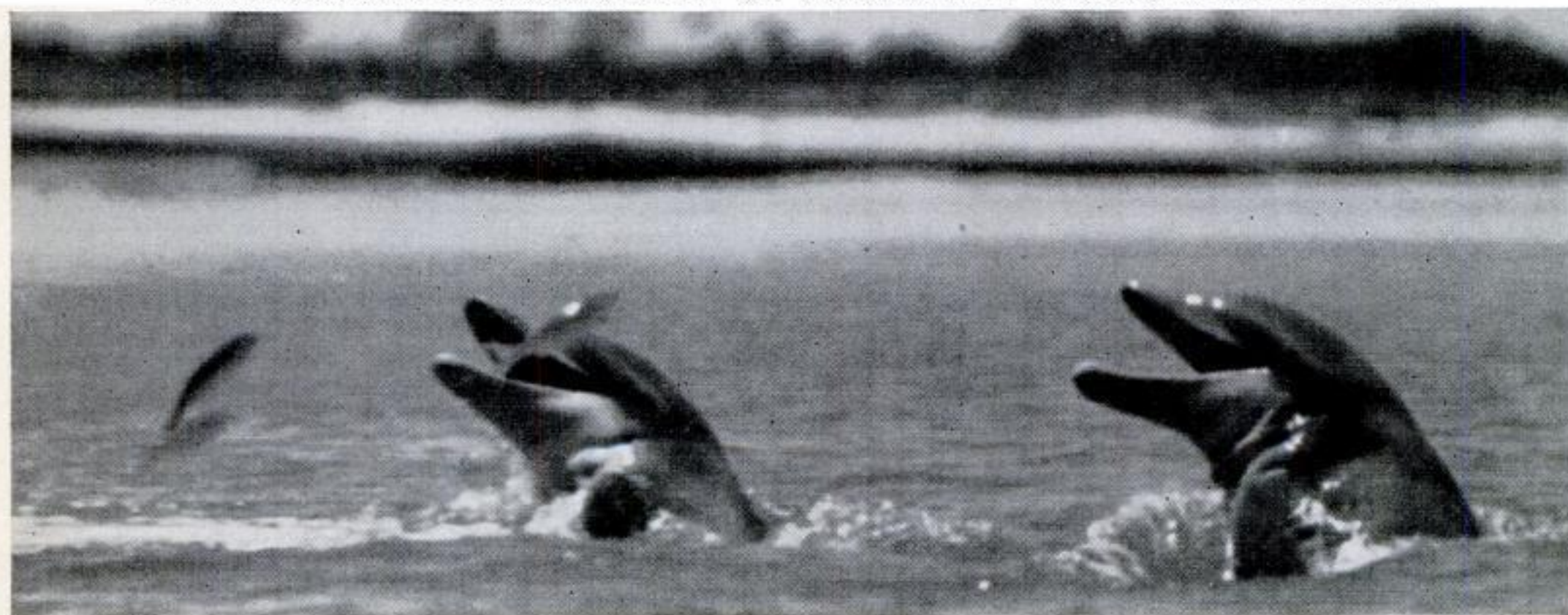
Sirs:

Here are two pictures of porpoises feeding in shallow water. The porpoises drive the mullet into shallow water and the smaller fish try to escape by jumping out of the water but the porpoises come out after them.

J. CARVER HARRIS
St. Augustine, Fla.



A PAIR OF PORPOISES IN ST. AUGUSTINE BAY GET THEIR DINNER BY CATCHING MULLET IN MID-AIR



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"H&W" JUST-ENUIF

The strapless corsette that puts glamour into any figure. Vertical-stretch "Lastex" back, with zipper closing. "Lastex" horizontal-stretch side sections. \$7.50 and \$10.

At better stores
The H & W Co.
276 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)



DETROIT RECORD

Sirs:

This picture (above) shows 18 men on one motorcycle. We claim a world record for number of men and also for weight—average 200 lb. per man or 3,600 lb.

PATROLMAN JAMES GORDON
Motorcycle Division

Detroit Police Dept.
Detroit, Mich.

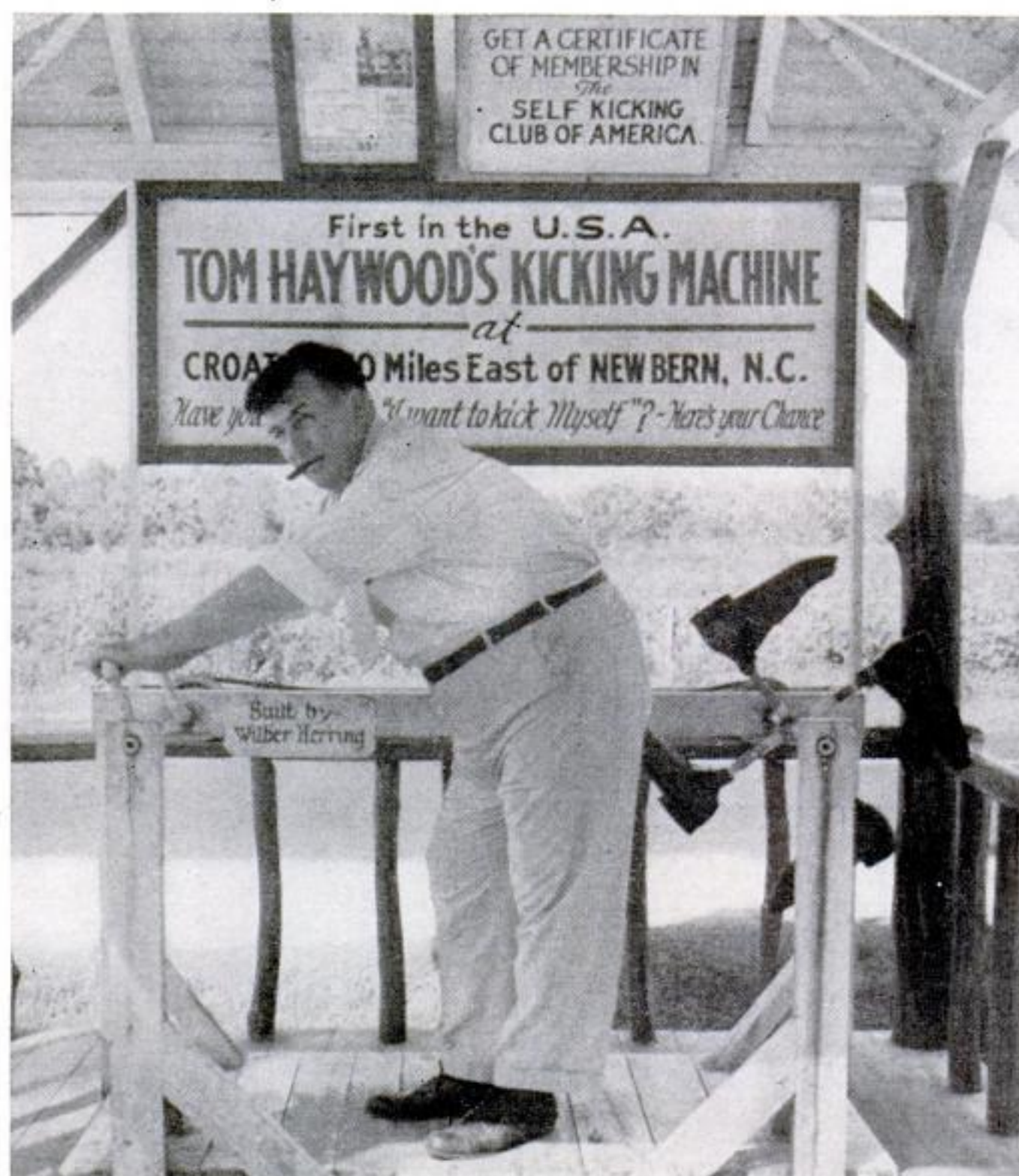
KICKING MACHINE

Sirs:

This is a photo (below) of Tom Haywood and his famous "Kicking Machine" at Croat, N. C. People come to use it every day.

GLENN BROOKS

Greenville, N. C.



CONTRIBUTIONS: Minimum rates for all rights, including resale and reuse: \$5 per photograph. Amateur photographers are welcome as contributors but their work must compete with professionals on an equal basis and will be judged (and paid for) as such. Unsolicited contributions however, whether professional or amateur will be neither acknowledged nor returned unless accompanied by adequate postage, packing and directions. And under no circumstances will LIFE be responsible for safe handling of same either in its office or in transit. Address all correspondence about contributions to CONTRIBUTIONS EDITOR, LIFE Magazine, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York.

LIFE'S PICTURES



The Ridgely, Neb., country wedding on pages 6-8 was photographed by John Van Hoozer, 24, youngest member of the Omaha *World-Herald's* photo staff. This ambitious good-looking young man started his career with a Japanese commercial portrait photographer, later worked for the Omaha bureau of the Associated Press. After seven years experience likes best to take action pictures though he's "nuts about photographing clouds."

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

- COVER—WALLACE W. KIRKLAND
2—T. rt. PHIL BRANNER, GRANTS PASS, ORE.
6, 7, 8—JOHN VAN HOOZER from OMAHA WORLD-HERALD
11—P. I.
12—A. P. exc. rt. (2) P. I.
13—P. I.—JARCHÉ from P. I.
14—B. S., W. W.—A. P.—MOVIE-TONE NEWS—W. W.
15—THOS. D. MCAVOY
16—INT.—A. P.
17—PIX, A. P.—PIX, W. W.
18—HOWARD BRODIE
19—W. W., FRITZ HENLE from B. S.—CARL M. MYDANS (2), ACME
20—INT.
21—LLOYD S. PAULEY, REX HARDY JR., ACME—DE PALMA from B. S.
22, 23—MAURICE J. CURTIS, JOHN BLACK PHOTO—MAURICE J. CURTIS (3), SEYMOUR W. SNAER, JOHN BLACK PHOTO
24—A. P., KEY, P. I.—H. & E., A. P.
25—A. P., W. W., A. P. (2)—INT., A. P. (2), W. W.—BROWN BROS., ACME, W. W., H. & E.—A. P., KEY, INT.
26—T. cen. BROWN BROS.—INT., W. W., A. P.—H. & E.—ACME, N. Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTO
27—ACME—A. P.—INT.—H. & E.—rt. THOS. D. MCAVOY
28—HERBERT GEHR from B. S.
29—FERNAND BOURGES, courtesy TOLEDO MUSEUM
30—FERNAND BOURGES; FERNAND BOURGES, courtesy MILLS COLLEGE, CALIF.—FERNAND BOURGES, courtesy GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERY; FERNAND BOURGES
31, 32—HERBERT GEHR from B. S.
37—TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX
38—LYNWOOD M. CHACE
39, 40—LYNWOOD M. CHACE from EUR.
41—LYNWOOD M. CHACE
42—REX HARDY JR.
43, 44, 45—COLUMBIA PICTURES
46—Bot. (2) IRVING LIPPMAN-COLUMBIA STUDIOS
47—Cen. lt. COLUMBIA PICTURES; bot. lt. IRVING LIPPMAN-COLUMBIA STUDIOS
48 through 55—HERBERT GEHR from B. S.
56—THOS. D. MCAVOY
57—A. P.
58, 59—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
60—JOHN PHILLIPS exc. t. rt. GLOBE
61, 62, 63—JOHN PHILLIPS
66—VICTOR DE PALMA from B. S.

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; ©, COPYRIGHT; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; EUR., EUROPEAN; H. & E., HARRIS & EWING; INT., INTERNATIONAL; KEY., KEYSTONE; P. I., PICTURES INC.; W. W., WIDE WORLD

"MY NIECE, MABEL, WAS ALL OF A DITHER..."



"NOW WHY CAN'T I MAKE CHOCOLATE CAKE LIKE THAT?" SHE WAILED

MABEL'S A NICE GIRL, but sometimes she acts a little weak in the head. Like when she bursts into my kitchen and says: "Aunt Jen, I'm having a fit!"

"Don't have it here," I told her. "I'm busy. Got to finish this cake. Your Uncle Henry's bringing company to supper."

"HOW FUNNY, AUNT JEN!" squeals Mabel. "I'm having company, too—and blest if I didn't make that same cake! Bet we got the recipe from the same magazine! But my cake didn't turn out luscious-looking like yours."

"Hm-m," says I, "are you sure you did everything exactly the way the recipe says?"

"WE-EL," Mabel admits, "I made one teensy change. The recipe says Baker's Chocolate, but I used another kind I had in the house. It's a little cheaper."

"Teensy change!" I snorted. "Don't you know that Baker's Chocolate has extra richness? Nothing else gives the real chocolaty flavor that Baker's does! I don't wonder your cake's a disappointment!"

THAT NIGHT my cake made such a hit with Henry's friends I felt guilty I hadn't given Mabel half of it to serve to her company.

"But there," I thought, "it'll just be a good lesson to her!" Baker's Chocolate recipes always make extra fine cake if you do just what they tell you. Try this BUTTERSCOTCH CHOCOLATE PECAN CAKE—and see!



BUTTERSCOTCH CHOCOLATE PECAN CAKE

(2 eggs or 3 egg yolks)

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- 1¼ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs or 3 egg yolks, unbeaten
- 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
- 1 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased deep 9-inch layer pans or three greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Butterscotch Fudge Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers.

Butterscotch Fudge Frosting

Add 2 cups light brown sugar, firmly packed, to ½ cup butter and cook over low flame, stirring constantly, until mixture darkens slightly (about 5 to 6 minutes). Remove from fire and add 1¼ cups granulated sugar, ¾ cup top milk, and ½ cup water. Return to fire and cook to 232° F., without stirring, or until small amount of mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire. Cool to lukewarm (110° F.); then beat until of right consistency to spread. If necessary place over hot water to keep soft while spreading. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers.

If desired, add ½ cup chopped pecan meats to part of frosting and use as filling. Spread remaining frosting on top and sides of cake and decorate top with pecan halves.

(All measurements are level.)



BETTER BUY BAKER'S!

Look for the Baker Girl on the package to get the chocolate with extra richness, famous since 1780. Baker's Chocolate is a product of General Foods.

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They voted for Baker's "finer flavor"

IT TASTES RICHER AND SMOOTHER

Hundreds of women recently took part in a blind "taste-test" on cocoa. Baker's Cocoa was the winner, chosen by 50% more women because of its smooth, rich flavor. For generations, homemakers have agreed that Baker's is America's finest cocoa—it's so extra rich!



NEW, DIFFERENT CHOCOLATE CAKE AND DESSERT RECIPES!

LM 9-19-38



Free!

Chocolate Peppermint Cake! Chocolate Cream Pie! A new kind of Devil's Food! These and eleven other gorgeous cake, pudding, candy and beverage recipes (illustrated in full color) yours free! Just mail this coupon—today!—to: GENERAL FOODS, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Your name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.) (Offer expires Mar. 1, 1939)

● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Alf Webster—warehouseman—
has smoked Luckies for 20 years

HE KNOWS TOBACCO...

from seed to cigarette



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So ALF WEBSTER, Like Most of America's Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Alf Webster is a typical "I.T.E."—Independent Tobacco Expert. He grew up on his father's tobacco farm, was a tobacco buyer for 10 years, has owned an auction warehouse for 9 years.

Mr. Webster sells to all tobacco companies . . . he sees who buys what tobacco. So it's important to you, Mr. and Mrs. Smoker, that Mr. Webster has smoked Luckies ever since 1917.

Among other independent tobacco experts . . . among skilled warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers . . . Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Try Luckies for one week, and see for yourself. A light smoke—easy on your throat. The finest center-leaf tobacco. Then, "It's Toasted."

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